

Knight & his *Daily News*

Illinois U Library

# Chicago

Halas: father of pro football

The palace  
where nobody lives....



Edna Kuhl

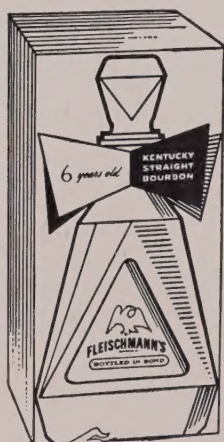
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# Chicago / November 1955

## CONTRIBUTORS

The author of the piece on newspaperman John S. Knight is newspaperman William Ferris, financial reporter in the local Associated Press bureau.

In addition to being a Board of Trade broker, John W. Dickson is the first repeater among CHICAGO's fiction writers. "A Penny's Worth" appeared in May, 1954.

After completing the article on George Halas, Alan Whitney left immediately for New York. He is expected back in time for the December onion harvest.

The author of "The Palace Where Nobody Lived," Jean Shebs, is a charter member of CHICAGO's editorial staff, now on leave for the purpose of producing a tabloid heir.

Jeanne Phillips, who wrote "Holiday Street," is a 24-year-old retired school teacher, jazzophile, Michigan State football fanatic and quondam actress, as well as assistant to CHICAGO's editors.

## COVER

Isa Kula, a tiny but predatory designer, provided her collage football player with a professional uniform, a symbolic head and a chrysanthemum; appropriated the magazine's title logo as pennant, and then turned him loose on a field of orange ink.

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# BEWARE



## MOTORISTS, FEAR THIS MAN!

NAME: Jack Muller

RANK: Patrolman

BADGE NO.: 7493

THREE-WHEELER NO.: 704 (Subject to Change)

TERRITORY: Entire length of Rush street. Often roams adjacent side streets.

HOURS: Lately, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.; usually, 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. His schedule and/or beat are subject to change without notice whenever Captain Louis Capparelli becomes acting chief of traffic.

DAYS OFF: Monday. Every second week, Monday and Tuesday.

BUILD: Heavy; noticeable case of "motorcycle seat spread."

### CAUTION

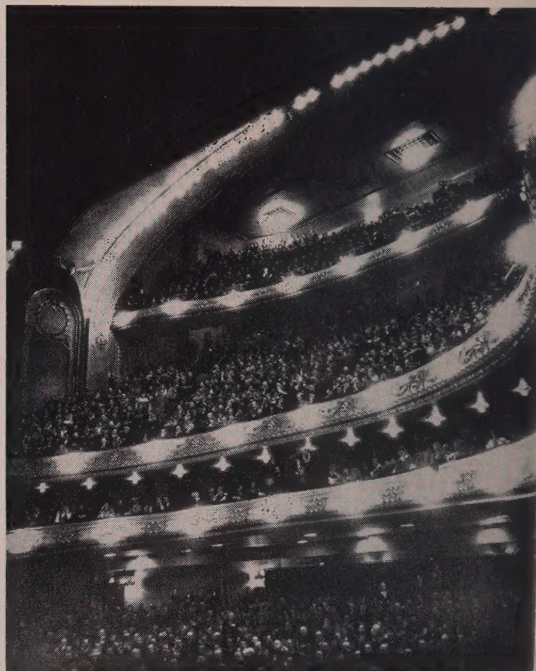
This man is allergic to offerings of cash. In its presence, he may become overwrought. When accosted by him, motorists drawing out wallets are advised to extract only their drivers' licenses.

### DISTINGUISHING HABITS

He is given to clerical neatness. He prepares a separate ticket for each traffic violation. He likes Circuit, as well as Municipal, courtrooms, and uses the former to sue those who malign the region between his ears.



# WHAT ↓ GOES ON HERE



listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

## THEATER

**Bus Stop**, Selwyn, 180 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). William Inge puts assorted Greyhound passengers together in a lunchroom and comes up with a down-to-earth drama. Opens Nov. 21. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

**Pajama Game**, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). A lusty musical of life in a pajama factory. Opens Nov. 14. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

**The Solid Gold Cadillac**, Blackstone, 60 Balbo (CE 6-8240). Satire and shenanigans stemming from the world of big business. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

**Anniversary Waltz**, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). A one-set domestic comedy about a family whose "love is bigger than TV." Thru Nov. 6; nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30; thereafter: nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

**Teahouse of the August Moon**, Erlanger, 127 n. State (ST 2-2459). The twain meet in John Patrick's Pulitzer prize comedy about the American occupation of Okinawa. Burgess Meredith stars. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

**Can-Can**, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Dances staged by Michael Kidd and performed by Ronnie Cunningham and nimble young ladies spark this musical of Paris in the '90s. Closes Nov.

5. Nightly, 8:30 (Sun., 7); mat. Sat., 2:30.

**Cinerama Holiday**, Eitel's Palace, 159 Randolph (AN 3-0055). Vistas without visas for audiences that follow the three-eyed camera thru Europe and the U. S. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

## repertory & university

**Playwrights theater**, 416 n. State (WH 3-2272). The company will tour "Hamlet" locally thru Nov. 20. First scheduled performance is Nov. 2, Maine township high school, Des Plaines. 8 p.m.

**Northwestern university**, Speech build-



ing, Evanston campus (UN 4-1907). Nov. 4 & 5, 8:30 p.m.; Nov. 6, 4 p.m., Wyckley's "The Country Wife." Nov. 1 & 19 (Cahn aud.), "The Winter's Tale," Shakespeare, 8:30 p.m.

**University of Chicago**, Mandel hall, 571 & University (MI 3-0800). Nov. 17, 19 & 20, Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," 8:30 p.m.

## MUSIC

**Chicago Symphony orchestra**, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thru Nov. 3, 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. **Nov. 3** (Thu.) & **4** (Fri.), Carlo Maria Giulini, cond.: "The Four Seasons" Vivaldi; Introduction, Passacaglia and Finale, Salviucci; "La Mer," Debuss. **8** (Tue.) Giulini, cond.: "The Four Seasons," Vivaldi; prelude to "La Fedra" Pizzetti; "Pictures at an Exhibition" Moussorgsky. **10** (Thu.) & **11** (Fri.) Giulini, cond.: "Surprise" symphony Haydn; prelude to "La Fedra," Pizzetti; "Mother Goose" suite, Ravel; "The Cornered Hat" suite, De Falla. **12** (Sat.) George Schick, cond., William Doman, piano, soloist: all-Gershwin program. **17** (Thu.) & **18** (Fri.), Paul Paray, cond.: overture to "Coriolanus," Beethoven; Symphony No. 6 ("Pastorale"), Beethoven; excerpt from "Psyche," Franck; "Clouds" and "Festivals," Debuss. "Sorcerer's Apprentice," Dukas. **19** (Sat.) Schick, cond.: program to be announced.



(Tue.), Paray, cond.: overture to "Coriunus," Beethoven; Symphony No. 6 Pastoral; Beethoven; "Fantasia on Theme by Tallis," Vaughan Williams; es Preludes," Liszt. 24 (Thu.) & 25 (Fri.), Paray, cond.: overture to "The King of Lalo; Symphony in B flat, Saintens; Symphony No. 4, Tchaikovsky. Programs are subject to change.)

**Lied Arts concerts.** Orchestra hall (FR 0566). Unsubscribed series tickets are at on general sale three weeks before ncerts. **Nov. 5,** 8:30 p.m. & **6,** 3:30 p.m., London Philharmonic orchestra, bert von Karajan, cond.: **13,** 3:30, isabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; **20,** 3:30, Robert Shaw chorale and orches-; **25,** 8:30, Erna Sack, piano; **27,** 3:30, Aaron Rosand, violin.

**Anne Bamberger, piano,** University of Chicago Musical society, Mandel hall, th at University (MI 3-0800, ext. 1087). v. 6, 8:30 p.m.

**Juline Lindsey, piano,** Lutkin hall, Unirsity place at Orrington, Evanston N 4-1907. Nov. 1, 8:30 p.m.

**Anda Paul, piano,** Lutkin hall (UN 907). Nov. 20, 4 p.m.

**Erald Smith, baritone,** Lutkin hall (UN 907). Nov. 13, 4 p.m.

**University Symphny orchestra,** Cahn auditorium, Sheridan at Emerson, Evanston (UN 4-1907). Nov. 29, 8:15 p.m.

**gh String Quartet,** Mandel hall, Nov. 8:30 p.m.

**rnanado Valenti, harpsichord,** Mandel ill, Nov. 18, 8:30 p.m.

**a evening of folk songs,** Ogden school d., Oak at Dearborn (WH 2-6667). rri Armstrong and Fleming Brown. v. 2, 8:15 p.m.

## DANCE

**se Greco and his Spanish dancers,** pera House, 20 n. Wacker (FR 2-0566). v. 27, 8:30 p.m.

**atherine Dunham and company,** Great rthern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). ru Nov. 6. Nightly, 8:30 p.m.

## OPERA

**ric theater,** Opera House, 20 n. acker (AN 3-5586). **Nov.: 1 & 4,** "Aida," anata Tebaldi, Astrid Varnay, Gino nno, Tito Gobbi; **2,** "I Puritani," aria Callas, Giuseppe DiStefano, Nic-a Rossi-Lemeni, Ettore Bastianini; **5 & 8,** "Il Trovatore," Callas, Claramae rner, Jussi Bjoerling, Robert Weede; **& 8,** "La Boheme," Tebaldi, DiStefano, obbi, Rossi-Lemeni; **11 & 14,** Madama utterfly," Callas, DiStefano, Weede; **& 25,** "Rigoletto," Rosanna Carteri, oerling, Gobbi; **15 & 18,** "Faust," Car-ri, Bjoerling, Rossi-Lemeni, Weede; **& 19,** "Il Tabarro," Gertrude Ribla, obbi; "Il Ballo Della Ingrate," Vera rina, Oleg Briansky, Ebbe Steigmani, esa Stich-Randall; "Merry Widow," icka Markova, Sonja Arava; **21 & 26,** ord Byron's Love Letter," Ribla, Var-y, Turner; "Cavalleria Rusticana," oerling; **22 & 30,** "L'Elisir D'Amore," rriari, Gobbi, Rossi-Lemeni; **28,** "L'A-re Dei Tre Re," Dorothy Kirsten, esi-Lemeni, Carlo Bergonzi, Weede; "Un Ballo In Maschera," Anita Cer-tetti, Turner, Bjoerling, Gobbi. 8 p.m.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

**Santa's Parade of Stars,** a parade of floats on State from Wacker to Van Buren, marking the opening of the Christmas shopping season. Nov. 19, about 10 a.m.

**Int'l Livestock exposition,** Int'l amphitheater, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Opens Nov. 25. 10 a.m. to midnight.

**Int'l Square dance festival,** Int'l amphitheater. Nov. 4 & 5. 10 a.m. to midnight.

**Chrysanthemum show,** Lincoln park (Fullerton & Stockton) and Garfield park (300 n. Central Park) conservatories (HA 7-5252). Nov. 6 thru 27. Daily, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

**A Reading by Robert Frost,** Blackstone, 60 Balbo (SU 7-1328). The poet reads from his own work in a program sponsored by "Poetry" magazine. Nov. 13, 3 p.m.

**Scots Guard band,** Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). Massed pipers, regimental band and Highland dancers of the Scots Guard will perform. Nov. 23, 8:30 p.m.



## ART EXHIBITS

**Art Institute,** Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Masterpiece of the month: portrait by Paul Cezanne of Mme. Cezanne.

**New exhibits:** from Nov. 1, paintings by contemporary Chinese landscape artist Chiang Er-Shih, gallery H-9; from Nov. 11, selections from the Gunsaulus memorial collection of Japanese greeting cards, gallery H-5; from Nov. 15, photographs by Aaron Siskind, gallery 5. **Continuing:** thru Nov. 1, photographs of the Golden Gate bridge by Fred Lyon, gallery 5; thru Nov. 6, woodcuts by Ichiryusai Hiroshige from the series "One Hundred Views of Edo," gallery H-5; thru Nov. 15, selection of woven fabrics of the 19th century, demonstrating transition from hand to mechanical production, galleries A-1 thru A-5; thru Nov. 27, French master drawings of the last seven centuries, east wing gallery; Picasso paintings from the institute's collection, gallery of art interpretation; prints by Goya and Manet from the institute's collection, galleries 13 & 16; landscape prints of the 16th thru 19th centuries, gallery H-9. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol. **Cubism,** paintings, sculpture and graphics by Picasso, Braque, Gris and other major figures in the cubist movement. Thru Nov. 4, Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). From Nov. 11, sculpture by **Isamo Noguchi.** Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

**1020 Art Center.** Survey of contempo-

rary midwest graphics. 1020 Lake Shore drive (MI 2-2433). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**Francis Chapin,** recent paintings from Portugal and Martha's Vineyard. Thru Nov. 18, Stevens-Gross galleries, 620 n. Michigan (SU 7-0914). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**Arthur Osver,** paintings, 1947 to the present. Thru Nov. 5, Fairweather-Hardin gallery, 139 e. Ontario. From Nov. 7, **Picasso** graphics. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**Victor Brauner,** recent paintings, encaustics and drawings. Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

**Kuhn, Hartley, Prendergast** and others in a show of pioneer American painters of the 20th century. Thru Nov. 8, Renaissance society, 108 Goodspeed hall, 1010 e. 59th (MI 3-0800, ext. 1218). From Nov. 25, contemporary art for young collectors. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 1 to 5 p.m.

**Eugene Bennett,** recent European studies. Mandel Bros. galleries, 1 n. State. (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Mon.-Fri., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., except Mon. & Thu. to 8:45 p.m.

**West African sculpture** in wood, brass and bronze. Main Street gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. to 6 p.m.

**Claes Oldenburg,** paintings and drawings. Frank Ryan gallery, 1653 n. Wells (MI 2-5411). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., except Wed. to 6 p.m.

**Chicago galleries,** work by artist associates. 30 s. Michigan (CE 6-9656). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. to 4 p.m.

**Institute of Design,** second annual Chicago area industrial design exhibition. Nov. 7-18, Architecture-Design building, Illinois Institute of Technology, 10 w. 34th (CA 5-9600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., to noon.

## LECTURES

**Art Institute,** Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Art thru Travel series.** Sun., 2:30 p.m., Fullerton hall. **Nov.: 6,** "The Wonderful Little Countries of Luxemburg, Belgium and Holland," Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson; **20,** "Folklore and Fiestas of Mexico," Dr. Watson.

**Natural History museum,** Roosevelt rd. & Field dr. (WA 2-9410). Adult lecture and film series, Sat., 2:30 p.m., Simpson theater, free. **Nov.: 5,** "Brazil," Karl Robinson; **12,** "From Dodos to Devil Rays," Quentin Keynes; **19,** "Indonesia Today," Lester Beck; **26,** "Excavating the Tomb of a King," Kermit Goell.

**University of Chicago lectures,** University of Chicago campus (MI 3-0800).

**Haskell series:** "The Role of Woman in the World's Religions," Friedrich Heiler. Nov. 7, 14 & 21. **Walgreen Foundation series:** "Science in America," Gerard Piel. Nov. 28 & 30. Both series, Social Sciences Research building, 1126 e. 59th. 4:30 p.m. Free.

**Roosevelt university,** 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). "The Underdeveloped Areas of the World," Dr. St. Claire Drake. Nov. 9, 8 p.m.

**University college.** U. of Chicago, 19 s. LaSalle (DE 2-7245). **Works of the Mind series:** Nov. 18, "Thucydides'



# Early or Late

## Doesn't Matter

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**Chicago** Magazine

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**THE  
MERCHANDISE  
MART**

Peloponnesian War," David Grene. 8 p.m.

## debate

**Cambridge university vs. University of Chicago.** Int'l house, 1414 e. 59th (MI 3-0800 ext. 1066). Topic: "Resolved: That England Should Become the 49th State." Nov. 13, 8 p.m. Free.

## MUSEUMS

**Adler planetarium.** lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Nov. show: "Radio Astronomy." Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

**Chicago Academy of Sciences.** 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

**Chicago Historical society.** Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibit: Caricature paintings of famous late 19th century personages. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

**Dearborn observatory.** Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 7:30 to 9 p.m.

**George F. Harding museum.** 4835 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor, arms, and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

**Museum of Science & Industry.** 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Children's Book fair, Nov. 12-20. Christmas around the World programs begin Nov. 26, showing Christmas trees, customs and observances of various nationalities. Museum hours: Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

**Natural History museum.** Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

**Oriental institute.** U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art and culture of ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Wed., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Thu.-Sun., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

**Shedd aquarium.** lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, from sharks to seahorses. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

## SPORTS

### boxing

**Carl "Bobo" Olson vs. Ray Robinson.** Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). Championship middleweight bout. Nov. 4, 8:30 p.m.

### pro football

**Bears.** Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (DE 2-5400). Nov. 6, Green Bay; Nov. 13, Los Angeles. 1:05 p.m.

**Cardinals.** Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 2-9334). Nov. 5, Pittsburgh (8 p.m.); Nov. 20, Washington; Nov. 27, Chicago Bears. 1:05 p.m.

## college football

**Northwestern.** Dyche stadium, Central st., Evanston (RO 4-4488). Nov. 5, Wisconsin; Nov. 19, Illinois. 1:30 p.m.

## pro hockey

**Black Hawks.** Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). Nov.: 5 (8:30), Detroit; 6 (7:30), New York; 11 (8:30), Toronto; 13 (7:30), Montreal; 18 (8:30), Boston; 20 (7:30), Detroit; 24 (8:30), Toronto.

## thorobred racing

**Sportsman's park.** 33rd & Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1350). Fall meet continues thru Nov. 5. Fall charity meet, Nov. 7-12, 1:30 p.m.



## TELEVISION

### extravaganzas

**Spectacular** (8 p.m. Nov. 5 and 26 Channel 5). Nov. 5, "The Great Waltz," a Max Liebman production starring Patricia Munsel and Keith Andes, in color. Nov. 26, "Dearest Enemy," with Ann Jeffreys and Robert Sterling. Color. **Color Spread** (6:30 p.m., Nov. 6, 5). "The Constant Husband," premiere. British film with Rex Harrison, in color. **Producers' Showcase** (7 p.m., Nov. 14, 5). TV versions of successful plays, in color. **Star Jubilee** (8:30 p.m., Nov. 19, 5). Lloyd Nolan, Barry Sullivan and John Hodiak in "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial," the play derived from Herman Wouk's novel. In color. **Hall of Fame** (3 p.m., Nov. 20, 5). Movie stars as Dick Dudgeon with Dennis King in "The Devil's Disciple." George Bernard Shaw's play inspired by the American revolution.

## drama

Best one-hour plays: **Sunday Playhouse** (8 p.m. Sun., 5), **Studio One** (9 p.m. Mon., 2), **Warner Bros. Presents** (6:30 p.m. Tue., 7), **Circle Theater-Playwrights Hour** (8:30 p.m. Tue., 5), and **20th Century-Fox-Steel Hour** (9 p.m. Wed.). **Matinee Theater** (2 p.m. weekdays). Al McCleery produces hour-long "11" dramas, one a day, in color.

## comedy-variety-music

**Opera Theater** (3 p.m. Sun., Nov. 6). "Griffelkin," premiere of original by Lukas Foss, postponed from month. **Omnibus** (4 p.m. Sun., 2). CBS' 1 standing prize winner, with segment color.



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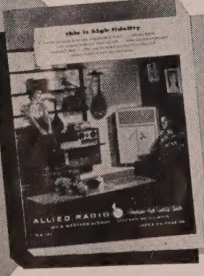
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**Bob Hope Show** (7 p.m. Nov. 15, 5). Skinnose interrupts a quick trip to somewhere for a night of comedy.

**Disneyland** (6:30 p.m. Wed., 7). Walt Disney spins the magic web which has put a third major TV network in the running.

**Chicago Symphony** (8 p.m. Wed., 9). The best in TV music.

**George Gobel Show** (9 p.m. Sat., 5). A different sort of guy in the same sort of comic world.

### news-documentary

**Medical Horizons** (8:30 p.m. Mon., 7). Live originations from medical centers.

**Person to Person** (9:30 p.m. Fri., 2). Ed Murrow brings headliners into the living room.

**Project 20** (8 p.m. Sun., Nov. 13, 5). "Nightmare in Red," an NBC documentary on Russia in this century.

**Wide Wide World** (3 p.m. Sun., Nov. 13, 5). "A Sunday with Youth," as Dave Garroway takes young America cross country for live remotes, some in color.

### for youngsters

**Mickey Mouse Club** (5 p.m. weekdays, 7). Disney brings back Mickey, with features for teen-agers and the very small.

**Mr. Wizard** (10:30 a.m. Sat., 5). Don Herbert and his young assistants investigate the scientific arena.

### sports

**Quarterback Club** (8 p.m. Mon., 9). Film replays of Chicago Bears' games.

**NCAA Football** (Sat., 5). Nov. 19, USC vs. UCLA; Nov. 24, Texas A&M vs. Texas; Nov. 26, Army vs. Navy, in color.

**Football Films** (9:30 p.m. Sun., 7). Film replays of Notre Dame games: Nov. 6, Pennsylvania; Nov. 13, North Carolina; Nov. 20, Iowa; Nov. 27, USC.

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### theater

**Goodman Memorial Children's theater**, Monroe st. & Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). "The Prince and the Pauper"; week-end performances Sat., 2:30, Sun., 3 p.m., with extra performance at 10:30 a.m. Nov. 26.

**Jack & Jill Players**, 25 e. Jackson blvd. (WA 2-0317). "The Land of the Dragon," a Chinese fantasy by Madge Miller, Nov. 5, 12, 19 & 26. 4 p.m.

#### music

**Chicago Symphony orchestra**, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0362).

**Young People's concerts**, Tue., 3 p.m., George Schick, cond. **Nov. 15:** "How the Orchestra Grew," with narration of Gillis' "The Man Who Invented Music" by George Kuyper. Soloist, nine-year-old James O. Burwell: "Concerto No. 1 for violin," Bach. Orchestra program: bourree from "A Simple Symphony," Britten; finale from "Concerto da Camera," Honegger; ballet from "Petite Suite," Debussy; march from "Symphonic Metamorphosis," Hindemith; "Tritsch-Tratsch Polka," Strauss; "Overture in C Major," Mendelssohn.

**Theme Nov. 29:** "Holiday Music," with narration of selections from "Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" by George Kuyper. Soloist, Nancy Magnuson, soprano: "One Fine Day," from "Madame Butterfly." Orchestra program: "Finlandia," Sibelius; finale from "Faithful Shepherd Suite," Handel-Beecham; "Holiday for Strings," Rose; "A Christian Festival," Anderson.

### libraries

**Chicago Public library**, Randolph & Michigan (CE 6-5821). **The Children's Hour**, one-hour weekly programs exploring the world thru films, recordings and story-telling, Sat., 2:15 p.m. Free tickets are available one week in advance in Thomas Hughes room. Branch libraries hold story hours weekly for children of all ages. Consult neighborhood branches for schedules.



### museums

**Natural History museum**, Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Children 8 years and over may take the November Journey for Museum Travelers. "Animals Around the World," by following instruction sheets as guides. Bushman the gorilla, Su-Lin the panda and man-eating lions of Prava (a stuffed) are some of the animals the will visit. **One-hour movie programs** for children, Sat., 10:30 a.m. in Simpson theater: Nov. 5, "Some Favorite Animals," and cartoon; Nov. 12, "Tie-Jee Goes Lumbering," and other lumbering stories, plus cartoon; Nov. 19, "Wint Hobbies," plus cartoon; Nov. 26, "Wint from the West," a Lapland story, a cartoon. **Special guide-supervised programs** of films, lectures and study teachers with classes: for grade "Prehistoric Animals," 10:30 a.m., Nov. 7, 8, 9, 15 & 16. By reservation only. **Chicago Historical society**, Clark North (MI 2-4600). Slide-talk, film a object-demonstration programs on Chicago and American history. **Museum mornings**, Sat., 10 a.m.; Nov. 5, 12 & "The Fort Dearborn Massacre," w film "Lewis & Clark" and cartoon. **Weekday assemblies**, Wed., 10 a.m., teachers with classes: Nov. 2, "Great Chicago Fire," and color film "Look to the Land"; Nov. 9 & 16, "Colonial America," with color films "Colonial John Smith" and "Saugus Ironworks."



restoration," a prize film about a re-discovered ironworks used by early American colonists.

**Museum of Science & Industry.** 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Children's Book Fair, Nov. 12 thru Nov. 20. On display will be about 2,900 of the best books published for children, including old and new titles, classics, and Newberry award winners. Authors and illustrators will talk with visitors daily in the author's room. At frequent intervals in the west wing theater there will be films, lectures, dramatizations of popular books and other entertainment. Conducted tours for school children in groups. Mon.-Fri., 9 to 4; Sat. to 5:30; Sun. to 7 p.m. Free.

**Christmas Around the World,** the museum's annual display of Christmas trees and holiday customs of different nations, opens Nov. 26, with programs twice daily in west wing theater. Museum hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

### swimming

**Instructions in swimming,** life-saving, water polo, and water ballet are offered boys and girls at these Park District auditoriums thruout the fall and winter months: Austin Town Hall (5610 W. Lake); Blackhawk (2318 N. Laverne); Independence (3945 N. Springfield); La Grille (1333 N. Laramie); Portage (4100 Long); Ridge (96th & Longwood); and West Pullman (123rd & Stewart).

### NIGHT LIFE

**Black Orchid,** 101 E. Ontario (MO 4-1466). The Mello-larks quartet continues thru Nov., as does Terry Hunter. Celal Age, the Turkish Frank Sinatra will also be on hand. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch \$.95-\$2.50; dinner \$2.95-\$6.50.

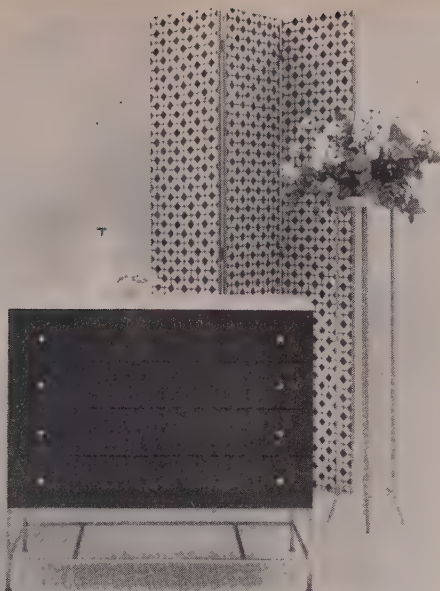
**Blue Angel,** 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Caruso Frolics continues thru Nov. with vocalists Lydia Lora and Dolores Marquiqua, impromptu lyrics by Lord Carlton, the Afro-Cuban dances of the jazz sisters and King Rudolph at the steel drum. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 9:30, midnight & 2. Food a la carte.

**Boulevard room,** Conrad Hilton hotel, 20 S. Michigan (WA 2-4400). The "Carnival on Ice" revue puts the circus on skates and includes acrobatic antics by the Le Duc brothers, with juggler Louroids and contortionist Dave Park. Frankie Masters' orchestra and the Tatters provide music and singing. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun. mat., 4 p.m. Dinner from \$3.25. \$2 cover.

**The Buttery,** Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and elegant for 17 years, with dancing to Ralph Rotger's Latin-American rhythms. Open to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9. Flamboyant sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. \$3 min. Fri. & Sat.

**Amelia house,** Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.75-\$2.00; dinner \$5-\$6.

**101 Paree,** 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Phyllis Tucker and Guy Cherney continue thru Nov. 10 and are followed by



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Betty Hutton, Nov. 11 thru 26. 6 p.m. to  
 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late  
 shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner \$3.50-  
 \$4.75; \$5.50 special includes cover and  
 minimum, 7 course dinner, after-dinner  
 liqueur, show and dancing

**College Inn Porterhouse**, Sherman hotel,  
 Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining  
 is western style; music is by Frank  
 York, his fiddle and orchestra. Noon to  
 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch \$1.65-\$1.95;  
 dinner \$4.50-\$6.75.

**The Compass**, 1151 e. 55th (MU 4-3757).  
 Impromptu drama and other extemp-  
 rary liveliness in a beer hall setting.  
 Folk music Mon.; members' workshop



Tue. Entertainment begins about 9 p.m.  
 and lasts late Fri. & Sat. \$1 min. Fri.  
 thru Mon.

**Empire room**, Palmer house, State &  
 Monroe (RA 6-7500). "Boast of the  
 Town," a music and comedy revue, con-  
 tinues thru Nov. 10. Harry Belafonte  
 balladeer of "Carmen Jones" fame  
 opens Nov. 11. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; show  
 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from \$4. \$  
 cover.

**Glass Hat**, Congress hotel, 500 s. Mich-  
 igan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glas  
 Hatters" play a relentless two-beat fo-  
 dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from  
 \$3.50.

**Jardin Royale**, Edgewater Beach hotel  
 5349 Sheridan (LO 1-6000). A New  
 Orleans setting for sipping and dan-  
 cing, with flower beds, fountains and  
 other atmospheric apparatus and Dick  
 Carlton's orchestra. 6 p.m. to midnight  
 Sat. to 1 a.m. Dancing from 9.

**Mister Kelly's**, 1028 Rush (WH 3-223).  
 Jimmy Bowman continues to sing and  
 play piano, as does Bobby Short.  
 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

**Pump room**, Ambassador East hotel,  
 State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegance  
 hang-out for celebrities and celebrity  
 watchers. David Le Winter's orchestra  
 plays danceable music. Noon to 2 a.m.  
 Flaming sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; oth-  
 er food a la carte. \$3.50 min. Fri. & S  
**Swiss Chalet**, Bismarck hotel, 171 Re-  
 dolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's or-  
 chestra and an Alpine decor. Noon to  
 a.m. Lunch \$1.25-\$3; dinner \$3.50-

#### jazz

**Beehive lounge**, 1503 e. 55th (PL  
 9060). The Max Roach and Cliff  
 Brown quintet winds up its six-week  
 stay on Nov. 10 and makes way for  
 Art Farmer's west coast jazz group  
 which opens on the 11th. 9 p.m. to  
 a.m. Jam session Mon.; closed Tue. \$  
 cover.

**Blue Note**, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). F  
 Nov. 2 thru 13, Muggsy Spanier's tri-  
 o and Johnny Pate's trio in an uneasy  
 alliance on the bandstand; Nov. 16 by  
 Sarah Vaughan, who will stay thru



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**Cloister inn.** Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Morgana King is Lurlene Hunter's vocal colleague this month. As usual, Dick Marx on piano and Johnny Frigo on bass have Monday and Tuesday to themselves. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

**Crown Propeller lounge,** 868 e. 63rd (HY 3-4247). Nov. 7 thru 20, Erskine Hawkins makes the jazz of the thirties sound contemporary; from Nov. 23, Milt Buckner's band features Haddan Brooks' vocal blues. 9:30 p.m. to 4 a.m.; Sat. to 5 a.m. No cover or min.

**Jazz, L'd.,** 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). The house of Dixieland switches to old time jazz, with Freddy Moore on drums, Nap Trottier on trumpet, Ralph Hutchinson on trombone, Tut Soper on piano and Bill Reinhardt on clarinet. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. \$2 min.

**London house,** 360 n. Michigan (AN 3-6920). From Nov. 9, Alex Kallao plays his piano with appropriate support from bass and drums, but withdraws on Monday and Tuesday in favor of Johnny Pate. Music 8:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Fri. & Sat. to 3:30 a.m. No cover or min.

**Max Miller Scene,** 2126 n. Clark (EA 7-8760). Cool-school improvisations by the proprietor in a small, geometrically decorated room. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

**Offbeat Room.** Condes restaurant, 1041 w. Granville (RO 1-3271). Ken Nordine of local TV fame reads poetry and suspense tales in this new place where jazz is supplied by Fred Kaz and his "Cool Trio."

**State lounge,** 1524 e. 63rd (NO 7-5757). J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding will have their trombones going from Nov. 16 thru 30. 9 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.; Sat. to 4:30 a.m. No cover or min.

## EATING OUT

**Agostino's,** 1121 n. State (DE 7-9862). Haven for lovers of rich Italian cuisine, as well as fanciers of good steaks. 5 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Dinner from \$2.25.

**Berghoff's,** 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). For hearty appetites: corned beef and cabbage, Thüringer sausage, other Ger-

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man dishes. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch \$1-\$2.50; dinner \$1.75-\$4.

**A Bit of Sweden**, 1015 Rush (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; 5 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 9 p.m. Lunch \$1-\$1.65; dinner \$1.75-\$4.75.

**Black Forest**, 2636 n. Clark (DI 8-7930). German food in a hunting lodge atmosphere. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m. Lunch from \$1.25; dinner from \$2.50.

**Boston Oyster house**, Morrison hotel, 79 w. Madison (FR 2-9600). Quiet colonial surroundings in the middle of the Loop, where sea food, steaks and chops are served. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Lunch from \$1.25; dinner from \$2.50.



**Cafe Bohemia**, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes with fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight; closed Sun. & hol. Lunch \$1.35-\$1.65; dinner \$1.75-\$4.75.

**Clipper room**, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food and German dishes in a tradition that dates back to the turn of the century. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. A la carte from \$1.55.

**Coach and Four**, U.S. 20, one mile e. of Marengo (Marengo 41-J). A coachhouse restaurant of commendable fare and a women's apparel shop in a pre-Civil war mansion. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

**Gibby's**, 192 n. Clark (AN 3-8181). Theater-goers have long enjoyed its good dinners and late snacks served to the accompaniment of Sammy Williams' piano. Noon to 2 a.m., dinner from \$2.85.

**Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room**, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). A dark, quiet room for restrained dining. 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from \$1.25; dinner from \$2.25.

**Johnstone's**, Peterson at Cicero (SP 7-5400). Nourishment of merit, not the least of which is the corn bread and apple butter served with the salad, and pleasant surroundings to eat it in. Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., noon to 9 p.m. Dinner from \$2, also a la carte.

Photo and art credits: p. 6, Rus Arnold (top), John Szarkowski; p. 7, H. Martin; p. 8, Don Bronstein; p. 10, Carl Schranz; p. 12, Dean Chrones; p. 14, L. A. Long; p. 15, Russ Hamm.

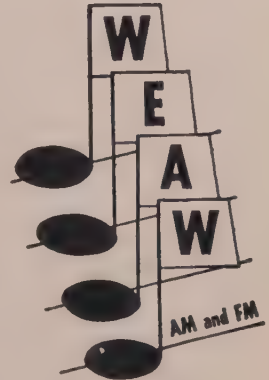
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The United Nations is now 10 years old. With each passing year, it has gained the support of more and more people. In fact, a recent survey shows that only 7% of the American people are for quitting the United Nations. The rest believe, and rightfully so, that we can never find lasting peace unless we look for it . . . unless we work for it.

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4. The World Health Organization helped wipe out yaws in Haiti where this scourge affected  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the population in 1950.
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By attacking some of the underlying causes of war—*hunger, poverty and disease*—the United Nations is helping prevent war. At every opportunity, support the United Nations. You support it best by knowing what it's doing—and by letting others know what it's doing. A better understanding of the United Nations means a better chance of peace for the world!

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## WEST of the Water Tower

### ADULT EDUCATION NOTE

"Tom's studying ceramics," said one of the stenographers at a table at Stouffer's. "You know—that science which deals with the meaning of words."

### A BELLE FRANCAISE

Miss France's daughter is in town and looking for work. She has dancing and modeling talent, a Gallic figure, a little fuller *la-bas* than *ci-haut*, and she will travel. In fact, she has been traveling most of her adult life.

The Miss France referred to is not the incumbent, but the one chosen in 1928—Stephanie Rohmer. Her only child bears the same names plus two others preceding them, Jacqueline and Diane. She also bears a cross: although her architecture is long on contour it is, by American standards, short on altitude. The 5-foot, 4½-inch frame that supported junior fashion creations at Pierre Balmain's Paris salon is having trouble supporting its owner on the local modeling circuit.

Jacqueline Rohmer ("We pronounce *le air* at the end"), is 22 years old. Beyond her artistic and previously noted corporeal qualities, she possesses an abundant crop of auburn hair, high cheek bones, brows that arch over slightly slanted eyes, and a vertical dimple precisely on the tip of her nose. ("I was skating when I was about five or six year old and I put my nose zyust in the right middle"). She also has an excellent supply of idioms, imported and domestic, which she uses to advantage in relating, thus, the story of her life:

"My mother was a dramatical actress and my father was a painter. They were separate when I was a small child and I never knew my father very well. He was killed in a trench fighting in the war; we don't

know zyust how or where he die.

"When I was a child we live in Cannes on the Riviera. I stayed in a convent while my mother tour. I started dancing when I was five and I dance at the casino from the time I was eight. We do ballet, modern classic, but we don't get paid, of course.

"When my mother is home she take me to the theater, the musical. She make me costume for the children's contest every year. They were very orizyinal. I represent Cleopatra or the god of wine. I always had first prize or second prize.

"I grew up during the war, of course. It was real rough. Everybody have money trouble, food trouble. The life went down. I had a Persian cat and I spoil him. He will only eat meat and milk. I give him most of my meat ration. When the liberation come, the American were getting closer, closer, closer. The German were going back, back, back. Before the German leave, they blow up the food store in Cannes. For three days there is no food. I eat only two pieces of sugar. My cat won't eat and he die.

"The cafes are close during the war, but we dance in the hospitals for the soldiers. French soldiers, you understand, not German. Then the American come. I went back to school for a while, then I went my way. I dance—club dates—cancan, oriental—classic step tho, you understand.

"When I was 17 I run to the tour. We go to North Africa, Tunisia. I am in the line, but I'm trying to dance to a night club by myself. I am busy to rehearse.

"Then I meet my future husband. He was an officer in the American navy. He come to see the show almost every day for a week. He try to talk to me, but I don't make much attention. We don't talk much, especially

to the American sailor. But the second week he send flowers. I was not conquired, but I was really interest. I didn't want to get married. I didn't talk English at all, but he really tried—such interest. His ship leave and he goes back to America. He write me, send me a beautiful birthday present. We write like that for a year and a half.

"I was on tour and for a while I did modeling in Paris. Then his ship went to Genoa. He send me seven or eight telegram saying he want me to come to Genoa. He want to ask me a very *serieuse* question. I went to Genoa and we get engaged aboard his ship. The captain had a little party for us. It was very real nice, real cute, which I will never forget that.

"After that he show me a little bit Genoa. Then he go to Greece. I go to the American consul in Marseilles and fill up papers to get my visa. I have to wait a year. Again I run to the tour. Finally one day in Casablanca I get papers from the consul in Marseilles. I have to go thru more formalities. Then it was waiting, waiting. That was like hell to wait.

"Then the day for the depart comes. All is upset down. He is home in Chicago. I am to take the boat to New York and then the train. I arrive in New York. It is a great feeling to be in the State, see the statue—such a feeling of big country. I get a little mixed up. I couldn't find the train station. He came to meet me in New York and we missed each other. I got to train station in Chicago on Christmas Eve, 1953, and nobody was there to meet me. He send me telegram saying he will fly back, I should stay right where I am. 'I want to eat,' that's all I could say. People told me where to go, but I could not leave me luggage there on the floor. When he came I was so tired he have to





Stephanie Rohmer as Miss France



Jacqueline Diane Stephanie Rohmer

carry me home in his arms.

"He didn't have his dee-charge from the navy, so I stay with his mother until he get it. She spoil me. We have nice little wedding in the Cat'lic church. But there was nobody to walk with me to the altar. I didn't understand the churchman, the father, when he was speaking.

"We had a little apartment. Everything was fine until we find out our differences. We didn't know each other very much. We get separate.

"I have to work, so I dance at Mangam's Chateau. I had a little solo, but mostly I dance in the line. I prefer to see the country, so I run to the tour. We dance in Cincinnati, state New York, Canada. I am still in the line and you can stay there all your life, so I quit after the tour in April this year.

"I run to a modeling azyency. But in modeling business you don't work much unless you are very, very tall. That's why I cannot make it in the modeling. I don't like office work. I would like to do a little television commercial, even with my accent. Otherwise, how can I stay in the

State? There must be something in the State I can do, but nobody doesn't know me.

"I have to be careful between what pair of hands I end up, too. I met one television man [a performer noted for his voice] at a party and he insult me as a French girl. I was crying. I would never insult an American. The same night another man is going to stop me off at home. He throw my suitcase out in the street because I won't flirt with him.

"The modeling azyency got me a job with the dog races at the county fairs. We wear neat jersey shorts — short shorts — and a blouse with same colors as the dog, like a zyockey. The music start and you bring the dog. They introduce us. You take the dog with music to the starting gate. That was cute. People were waving and talk to you, take pictures. There was screaming and applaunds and all that. We are supposing to tour all summer, but they cannot pay us so we quit after two months.

"I come back to Chicago. It is so smucky and gray. I get a room in Oak Park with a nice family who don't obligate me to pay every week. The house is between trees. It is really quite exceptional, I should say. You don't have to worry about getting hit on the head.

"We come from a nice family, you understand. My uncle Lucien was a great judge, president of the tribunal of L'Ile de la Reunion. That is near Madagascar, I think. He die a few weeks ago and it is in all the papers. Everybody regret him. His last name is Rohmer, too. He is my mother's brother. After my parents separate, she take back her young girl name.

"My family owns a house country north of Cannes for zyenerations. It dates back to Louis Fifteenth. It needs lots modernization. My mothers sells the land around it to get people who can fix better the place. It's up on a hill and it looks like a cast-el. My mother prefers to die than sell it.

"I am more materialistic. My mother is intellizyant. She gives some dramatical lessons and she belongs to an in-TELL-ectual club. I don't know how to explain what that is. You don't have it in here.

"I want to stay in the State, and I wish somebody need model with French accent. I don't try to put myself down, but I am not much the type of beautiful. I am a little large from 'ere [smiting herself in the vicin-

ity of the derriere] as you can see. Actually, I have a nice line of legs. I don't have skinny legs, or slender, as you say."

## BOOSTER

A car seen on the South Side had a sticker in the rear window reading, "Made in Chicago by Gangsters."

## BAD DAY FOR JOY & YOK

When the stock market fell in New York on the Monday after President Eisenhower's heart attack, the thud echoed in the crowded brokerage houses along LaSalle street. It reverberated with particular intensity in the offices of the two biggest commission houses — the jaw breaking Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane in the Board of Trade building and Francis I. du Pont & Co. at 208 south LaSalle. Merrill Lynch likes to call itself "We, the People." When du Pont merged with James E. Bennett & Co. this year, forming the second largest brokerage house, its partners called themselves, "We, the Better People."

Well, both the People and the Better People looked a little sad during the miniature crash. There wasn't any jumping out of windows, an activity, incidentally, for which the Better People have the better facilities. They are up 19 floors, while Merrill Lynch is a second story operation in a limited sense. Du Pont has more windows, too. Altho they weren't jumping, the customers didn't seem contented, either.

Merrill Lynch, which was visited first, very early in the day, has a big board room with an electric quotation chart spread across the west wall. It is so far away from some customer: men (agents who take buying and selling orders by phone) that they have to use opera glasses to read the prices.

Many customers sitting at the back of the room, or lining its sides, seemed puzzled. One fellow asked another "Hasn't the market opened?" The other assured him it had, but there weren't many quotations on the board. Because of the heavy selling setting opening quotations on the leading stocks had taken several hours during which the customers became increasingly agitated as they saw the less well known shares plunge.

The customers men sit in enclaves, about four to a cell. They were



in the telephones most of the time, or jumping up and putting slips of paper on a conveyor belt which moved across the room. The slips were orders, and the little belt carried the hopes and dreams of hundreds of traders into a back room. From there, the orders were sent to the floors of stock exchanges throuthout the country, mostly the big one in New York.

The big board listed hundreds of stocks. Names were abbreviated, but some could be deciphered. Gen Mot obviously meant General Motors. But down at the bottom, where space was crowded, only the market symbols were used—JOY or UG or YOK. These corresponded with the symbols on a tape flashing across the board. JOY was being quoted at 56½, UG, 36½, and YOK, 21.

A few floors above Merrill Lynch lies the trading floor of the Board of Trade, the largest grain exchange in the world. It was in a high state of excitement that morning. Prices were going up, not down. Brokers were waving and shouting at one another, and also pushing. Two men—one old, the other young—tumbled down the steps of the soybean pit. The young fellow jumped right back into the swirling pit, but the old one walked away, rubbing his shoulder and shaking his head sadly.

Soybeans and rye were up ten cents a bushel and corn was up eight cents. This was as far as the board would permit prices to rise in one day. What made them go up? A floor trader said to be one of the smartest said, not very illuminatingly, "Well, soybeans went up last week."

Ed Boerner of Harris, Upham & Co. was more explicit: "If the Democrats win in 1956, they'll push for government supports at 90 per cent of parity. That will have an inflationary effect on our prices."

Back down on the street, word that the stock market had "tumbled out of bed" had got around. It ran thru the conversation of passers-by: "One man's heart weakens and everything goes down." "He's got two points to go, when they sell him out." "It's just hysteria."

It happened that on this very day the American Bankers association was holding its annual convention here. A bunch of delegates came out of the Continental Illinois Bank building, entered a couple of mammoth black limos and were driven away under the guidance of chauffeurs. It was a

favorable sign. It meant the bank was still open.

Up at the du Pont offices, the board room was jammed. People had heard, and had come down to see for themselves. It is one big room with no enclosures for the customers men and no conveyor belt. But the standard electric board spreads across one side of the room, chairs and desks facing it. Customers were talking to one another and to customers men, who were assuming their best bedside manner. They issued soothing words.

"It's rallying now," one said as U. S. Steel went up 25 cents after having dropped \$6.50.

"These are wonderful buying opportunities," another declared.

A third took a broader view: "There has been no change in the fundamental position of the country."

Some customers managed to smile: "You still got a profit, haven't you?" The board said JOY was down to 54½ and YOK to 20½, but UG was still at 36½.

Between du Pont and the Midwest Stock exchange at 120 south LaSalle is the window of A. C. Allyn & Co., which has a very small electric quotation board, giving prices on about 20 stocks. Usually nobody watches it. But on this day the crowd was packed densely in front of it, all the way out

to the curb. A passing truck driver leaned from his cab and yelled, "Hey, what's the score?"

The Midwest exchange had been infiltrated by television cameramen. Their bright lights beat down on the hard working brokers and on James ("just Call Me Jim") Day, president of the exchange. Day, who said he usually spends most of his day in his office, was on the exchange floor. He didn't seem upset. "We're getting reports on transactions back to customers very quickly," he said. "It isn't like other market breaks. There isn't the same nervousness, tension or excitement. Everyone's just very busy."

The exchange trading floor occupies a part of the second floor of the building, with a visitors gallery on the third. High above the brokers' heads is an illuminated screen showing the ticker tapes of the New York, American and Midwest exchanges. Here were the same familiar symbols flashing by—GM, X, CN, A, but JOY, YOK and UG didn't appear just then. Day revealed that he had good reason to be light-hearted. "We'll have a record volume this year," he said, "close to 25 million shares. It will be over one billion dollars in value."

Another center of lively activity was what must be the most informal financial institution in the world, the Chicago Open Board of Trade. It's on Quincy street, between Wells and La Salle, in a room that used to be a cafeteria. It's a rendezvous for small time operators, since it allows trading in more modest lots than does the regular Board of Trade.

Five steps inside the revolving door at the Open Board is a grain pit, actually just half of a pit, facing a wall. Up on the wall a man was chalking down grain prices recorded on the other Board of Trade. In the pit were about 25 men, watching these quotations. Occasionally, they'd shout at one another. They were trading off the regular board's quotations. Prices of wheat and corn had come down from their earlier levels, but soybeans were still up.

One big blond fellow, his voice deep and hoarse, threw his left arm up in the air and vaulted off his feet every time he offered to sell. "Sell 25 Dec wheat ¼," he shouted, "sell 5 November beans ½, sell 10 March corn ¾." No one paid any attention to him. Disgustedly, he muttered, "I can't get rid of anything."

An informal, but not gay, aura pre-



Robert Post



vailed. Men stood in the pit wearing sports shirts and hats, smoking cigars. One wore a top coat. A middle aged woman, also in a coat, roamed back and forth across the pit. One man left the pit, pulled a sandwich from his pocket and wolfed it as if he hadn't eaten such a delicacy since the depression.

A fellow came in off the street, grabbed a broker named Marty and said, "You know what happened to Archie Moore? That's what's happening to the stock market."

Marty didn't smile. He put his hands to his head, "Oh, I'm so busy; I'm so busy."

His friend said, "I know Marty; I know; but do you get what I mean, like Archie Moore?"

Marty kept his hands on his head, "I'm so busy, I'm so busy."

Things were not so busy over on Franklin street at the home of the Chicago Mercantile exchange. It deals mainly in egg and onion futures. This odd repertoire was even stranger during one short period when the exchange also tried scrap steel futures. The Mercantile boasts that it's the fastest growing commodity market in the world. It plans to put up a new building at Wacker and Monroe street.

Trading had finished for the day at the Mercantile, and it hadn't been much of a day. Volume was less than normal, with prices higher. For much of the time the brokers had talked about what was going on in the stock market.

By now the New York Stock exchange was closed, too. Back at Merrill Lynch the board showed that JOY had closed at 56% and YOK at 20%. Both were way down for the day. But UG was still at 36%.

## REPORT FROM THE IVORY PAGODA

The University of Chicago's student government handbook contains a listing of all the campus organizations, broken down into classifications and described briefly as to activity or purpose.

Under "Interest organizations" and between the Camera club and the Chess club occurs this entry: "Chan Fan club. The purpose of the Chan Fan club is to further the appreciation of Charlie Chan and to record for posterity his sayings and wisdom."

## THE NEIGHS HAVE IT

A tiny, cluttered office at 407 south Dearborn is the last stronghold of the horse, the remains of a once prosperous organization called the Horse and Mule Association of America.

Altho the association officially gave up the ghost in 1949, when lack of funds and a seemingly hopeless battle against mechanization scared off its supporters, its last executive secretary still maintains the office and still defends the place of the horse in our society. His name is Wayne Dinsmore, and at 75 he still has a full head of white hair, a fertile mind and an agile body. Among the dead booklets and dusty archives stacked in this tiny office, Dinsmore refuses to accept the demise of the horse just as energetically as he refuses to pull the shroud of old age over himself.

In directing what was once a considerable staff for propagating the role of the horse, Dinsmore has made some considerable contributions to present-day Chicago. He helped bring to fruition the city's system of forest preserves. When the forest preserve proposal was offered to the Illinois legislature in 1914, Dinsmore saw in it an opportunity to popularize horseback riding among city folks, whose horseloving had been restricted primarily to watching cowboy movies at the neighborhood nickelodeon. He plumped for the forest preserves, and, once they had been established, he worked for riding trails within them.

The latter job proved more difficult than the first. The idea of riding trails within the city met with something less than enthusiasm from forest preserve authorities. However, Dinsmore finally prevailed and personally cut and blazed the first riding trails thru the 27,000 acres of preserve. Riding proved so popular that the network of trails steadily expanded until today it totals more than 175 miles of the finest riding paths in the nation.

Such contributions as these, however, couldn't forestall the steady decline of the horse. The association worked stoutly to keep horse employment high, but the odds were too great and the lure of the gasoline buggy too potent.

"In 1919," recalls Dinsmore, "more than 80,000 horses worked on Chicago streets. Today there are less than a hundred on peddler and junk wagons."

The light breeds, used for ranching, riding, and racing are almost as popu-



Wayne Dinsmore has tropism about microphones: when he sees one, he canters up to it and starts praising horses

lous today as they were in the 20's and they appear to be holding their own fairly well. But the heavy-breed work horses have been filling tins of dog food increasingly for 30 years now.

A few pockets of resistance for the working horse still remain. Several cities employ mounted policemen, and one large Philadelphia dairy still uses horse power for its milk wagons. But generally, nags have been consigned to the peddler and the junk dealer so deplored by Dinsmore.

The association once employed accountants to point out to industry that the horse could haul more economically than trucks. But even their fact failed to halt the invasion of the truck.

"Labor really licked us along in the late 20's," says Dinsmore. "Jobs were plentiful and men wanted to drive trucks, not horses. It's been that way ever since; modern transportation workers want no part of horses."

The great depression brought a temporary reprieve to the horse. Farmers who couldn't afford mechanized equipment used horses for farm work. Government labor crews were instructed to use horses whenever possible because they made more work. Horses enjoyed a new, if reluctant, popularity. This artificial demand was sustained thru World War II, when gas-





Local memorial to Dinsmore's career is 175-mile stretch of riding trails which he was chiefly responsible for starting in forest preserves. Some nearby farmers have been converted by Horse & Mule association to use of nine- and twelve-horse plowing teams instead of mechanized equipment.



ne and vehicles were difficult to get. Then, with the end of the war and prosperity, the horse hit the skids, suddenly. From a horse population of over 10 million in 1945, we are now down to 3,100,000.

"In all probability," predicts Dinsmore, "the horse will decline another 10 per cent in the next ten years, down to about two million. But there is a drop will end. Those left will be used for racing, pleasure riding or for work on cattle ranges."

Dinsmore makes this forecast with-

out any teary nostalgia. He is convinced that there are no substitutes for the horse in rounding up cattle on rugged Western terrain, in parting suckers from their money at racetracks, in providing entertainment on the trail, and in rodeos and horse shows.

Meanwhile, Dinsmore, without moral or financial support from the outside, maintains the horse association office, where Chicagoans may obtain booklets on how to breed mules, how to care for a horse, how to ride properly and even how to shoe a horse.

The Model A Fords and gingerbread architecture in the illustrations date the booklets but not the information they contain.

Dinsmore was raised on a Dakota ranch where he learned to ride not long after he learned to walk. He helped found the horse association and became its executive secretary, his lifetime job, soon after he was graduated from Iowa State College in 1904. In Chicago, Dinsmore kept several riding horses. Today he has only one, a 16-year old mare, which still gives him "a good ride." He rides every morning and evening along trails he helped to blaze many years ago thru a nearby forest preserve. His horse shares a stable with its bitterest enemy—an automobile which Dinsmore uses sparingly.

Dinsmore is a collection of facts about horses. The average life of a horse is 15 years, but some stick it out to 30 or more. Ponies are suddenly becoming popular, driving their price up in the past five years from \$100 to as high as \$1,500. A good riding horse, well broken, between five and eight years old, will cost today between \$250 and \$500, about twice what one would have cost in 1920. The most expensive horses are race-horse breeding stallions. Dinsmore recalls one such horse, Polyne-sian, going for \$550,000. Often, several race horse owners band together to buy a sire for service within a sort of closed corporation.

As for the other half of the association's title, one and a half million mules are left in the United States. They are vanishing at a steady rate as the demand for work animals dwindles on the farm.

"A mule," Dinsmore explained, "results from breeding a jackass to a mare. But the jack is a very difficult animal to deal with. There's a 50-50 chance the jack won't have anything to do with a female horse when they're turned loose together; and then they only breed in very hot weather. A jackass isn't worth a damn for anything but producing more mules—and too often they're not even any good for that."

## IT IS WRITTEN

In the window of a radio and television repair shop on Ridge avenue: "Wanted, customers. No experience necessary."



# KNIGHT

## OF THE SHORT SENTENCE

out of a family tradition of journalism, a banker's instincts, and a local vacuum, the Daily News' publisher has established himself as a power here and elsewhere

BY WILLIAM FERRIS



JOHN S. KNIGHT



A sentence in the Chicago *Daily News* should not be any longer than this. Two sentences are about the limit for a paragraph.

The *News* is edited for the "people". Reading it, the profound thinkers may shed tears and/or oaths. Just plain folks, however, appear to like it. In the past 11 years it has increased its daily circulation from 426,644 to 91,095. That would be in the time it's been owned by Knight Newspapers, Inc.

Knight Newspapers, Inc., is a closely held corporation dominated by John Snively Knight, six times golf champion of the Portage Country Club in Akron, Ohio. With the demise of Col. Robert R. McCormick, Knight has become the leading journalistic figure in the city. It's a quick metamorphosis—a word like that is never found in the *News*—for a man unknown to local newspapermen 11 years ago.

One day shortly after Knight bought the *News*, Marc Connelly, who wrote *The Green Pastures*, called on his good friend Lloyd Lewis, the now deceased drama critic, sports editor and managing editor. Word got around the room Knight had arrived. Lewis and Connelly heard the rumor and decided to play it up.

Walking about the suddenly busy room, Connelly stopped at reporters' desks, peering over their shoulders with an affirmative beam or a negative sigh. Lewis pointed out the various departments and Connelly made some suggestions as to how the desks could be rearranged. Tension gripped the room. Finally, as he left, Connelly turned to Lewis and, his voice ringing clear in the hushed assemblage, proclaimed, "And if the Guild wants pay toilets, I'll give 'em pay toilets!"

Since then Knight's athletic build, semi-bald pate and brown briefcase have become a little more familiar to the wage slaves. While he's still no hail-fellow-well-met with the boys, he does get out with them at office picnics if he's in town. This past summer he busted a tendon in a finger, rendering it useless, while playing first base at the Akron *Beacon-Journal* outing. "I didn't miss a chance until that happened in the fourth inning," he says.

Knight spends only a part of his time in Chicago. Altho he maintains an apartment on the North Side and another in Miami, his heart is still in Akron. There he lives in the home of his father—a rambling grey brick house with a formal English garden and a swimming pool. He put the pool in when one of his sons con-

tracted polio. Another rough spot in Knight's life came when his first wife, Katherine McLain, died in 1929. His eldest boy, John Snively jr., was killed in Germany in World War II.

Knight was playing golf when a messenger brought the telegram reporting the boy's death. Others in the foursome wanted to stop. Knight insisted that the game go on. They finished the 18 holes in grim silence with Knight only slightly off his game. Knight said later he had to do it.

Golf is not Knight's only athletic accomplishment. All his life he's had a trim build and he keeps himself in paunch-less shape. His weight today, 170 pounds, is the same as when he came out of the army in 1919—"altho the distribution is not as good," he admits. Besides such activities as playing softball and pitching horseshoes, Knight does quite a bit of swimming. He fishes in a desultory fashion but he's given up one youthful sport—hunting. "I don't get any fun out of killing birds or animals," he says. "There's enough killing in the world."

**KNIGHT'S FATHER**, Charles Landon, was an inveterate poker player, Bible reader, connoisseur of bourbon whiskey (how he hated Prohibition!) and one of the last of the old time editor-publishers of the personal journalism school. Perhaps it is the memory of some of the troubles his father had, both in politics and in keeping his newspaper solvent, which makes Knight adhere to different principles in running his own newspaper chain—the Akron *Beacon-Journal*, the Miami *Herald*, the Detroit *Free Press*, the Chicago *Daily News* and the Charlotte *Observer*, acquired in that order.

It's a very loose "chain". Local editors have complete freedom on such matters as which political party to support in state and local elections. Even on some national controversies they pick their own sides, altho usually the cue comes from "The Editor's Note Book," a weekly stint written by Knight. In the last Congressional session a bill was introduced to de-control the price of natural gas. The Akron *Beacon-Journal* and the Detroit *Free Press* opposed it. The Chicago *Daily News* and the Charlotte *Observer* favored it.

Knight collects items and ideas for his "Editor's Note Book" thruout the week. It's the one "must" piece for all Knight newspapers. He writes it on Thursday. He will accept no engagements for Wednesday night. On Thursday, regardless of where he is, Knight locks himself in a room, will

see no visitors, and pounds out his stuff on a typewriter.

Second in command in Knight Newspapers, Inc., is Basil (Stuffy) Walters, who spends all his time in Chicago. Walters is a shirt sleeved, cigar chewing, cocksure newspaperman with an acute sense of what will interest people. He's executive editor of Knight Newspapers.

Walters sets much of the tone for the *News*. Like Knight, he likes short sentences and short paragraphs.

He is also susceptible to sentimental shorthand like the use of the word "mom," an irritating favorite of *News* headline-writers. These are minor aspects of Walters' ability to capitalize on the opportunity offered by the existence of only one afternoon newspaper other than the *News*.

Knight expressed his preferences in newspaper style immediately after he bought the *News*, when he ran a series of signed editorials. As factors in the editorial formula in which he believed explicitly, Knight listed: "A factual, accurate news report sufficiently elastic to permit good descriptive qualities and a show of humor where needed. This report will be more interesting if the sentences and paragraphs are short, to the point and tell the story without heavy-footed wording. Both sides should be presented fairly. Headlines must be accurate."

The *News* is often criticized bitterly in intellectual circles for the type of news it prints, and doesn't print, and the prominence it gives trivia. It's also true, however, that Knight has enjoyed carrying the sometimes-mordant daily comments of Sydney Harris, who makes fewer intellectual concessions to his readers than most columnists. Harris is, among other things, perhaps the last representative of a precious Chicago—and Chicago *Daily News*—tradition of social criticism by columnists, which goes back to Eugene Field, Finley Peter Dunne and George Ade. Knight welcomes those aspects of the personal journalism of the past which are commercially viable today.

Many another newspaper has a much broader coverage of serious world news than the *News*. If this disturbs Walters, he does not admit it. Walters is proud of his foreign service, which he contends spotlights the important events while ignoring the routine items. Its clients (other papers which buy the material from the *News*) have increased from 40 to 56 under Knight and Walters. Walters calls broad coverage "item reporting" and says, "It's one of the



things which wrecks newspapers."

The sophisticated despair, at the *News'* adamant refusal to uplift the intellectual level of its readers. The *News* writes down to its readers, not up. Here is a departure between Knight and his father. Old C. L. was forever trying to uplift the thought processes of his subscribers. He was not successful. In a moment of anguish he editorialized, "Socrates spoke the truth and was given hemlock. Jesus Christ spoke the truth and was crucified. Then who are we pigmies that we should complain because the people will not understand?" No such torment grips Knight or Walters.

If some intellectuals are dissatisfied with Knight, the two men most responsible for bringing him to Chicago are not. Holman Pettibone and Laird Bell have had much to say about the ownership of the *News* over the past couple of decades. Pettibone is chairman of the Chicago Title and Trust company. Bell is an attorney, chairman of the Weyerhaeuser Timber company and a director of numerous other firms. Both live in Winnetka.

When Walter A. Strong died in 1931 the executors of his estate (which included control of the *News*) were Pettibone, Bell and Mrs. Strong. They sold control of the *News* to Col. Frank Knox.

When Colonel Knox died in 1944 the executors of the estate were Pettibone, Bell and Mrs. Knox. It was they who chose Knight.

For Mrs. Knox's controlling interest in the *News*, which she inherited from Colonel Knox, Knight gave her a check for \$2,250,000. Knight has added to his holdings since. Knight Newspapers, Inc., now owns 48.89 per cent of *Daily News* common stock and the Knight family and others closely affiliated with the company own an additional 13.65 per cent.

WHILE WALTERS contends that the *News* each day contains all the important news (but not the unessential "items"), he acknowledges it plays up trivia. It's a grim enough world, Walters figures, and he doesn't see why people shouldn't have fun, too.

If there isn't any fun in the day's news, Walters will make it. Something is always going on at the *News*, as at a circus. Thus the *News* conducts contests between Detroit and Chicago weather bureaus, stages a race across Illinois between a reporter and a pigeon (the pigeon won but the rumor it was offered a job in the sports department is not true), creates a "Man In The Derby" to wander about town on "features" or gets a

woman who won \$14,000 at Arlington Park to handicap horses.

In addition the *News* has gone on sporadic reforming sprees of genuine worth. A tedious survey among court records disclosed names of business men and politicians who own tenement death traps. Two *News* reporters came up with a series on Skid Row after posing as bums.

When wire services carried a story saying 50 prominent authors had conducted a survey of newspapers in the 1952 political campaign and found them biased, the *News* called up the authors and discovered they hadn't conducted any survey at all—they had just signed the news release. The paper has had its share of "scoops," a notable one being when Labor Secretary Martin P. Durkin resigned from President Eisenhower's cabinet.

IF IT IGNORES world news items, the *News* readily gobbles up little tidbits on garden clubs, church groups and similar organizations. Its accent on such small town news has endeared it to public relations firms as "the softest touch in town."

It's doubtful, however, whether the accolade is entirely deserved. One day an ardent public relations counselor hired a gorgeous model, dressed her in an abbreviated costume and sent her around to newspaper offices distributing small gifts. At the *News* the first person she ran into was Walters. He blew up. Before she could either distribute her gifts or do any damage, Walters ordered her out. Since then the *News* has a guard outside the editorial rooms, to protect the boys around the rim from disturbing sights.

The test of a newspaper's popularity, if not its worth, is circulation. The *News'* record is impressive. Prior to Knight's purchase, the daily circulation figures for Chicago newspapers were (Audit Bureau of Circulations September, 1944, statements): *Tribune* 964,778; *Herald-American* 484,870; *News* 426,644; *Times* 425,672; *Sun* 329,441. Latest ABC figures (March, 1955) are: *Tribune* 907,938 (six-day average); *News* 591,095 (Monday thru Friday) and 599,101 Saturday; *Sun-Times* 556,885 (Monday-Friday) and 464,936 Saturday; *American* 524,656 (Monday-Friday) and 439,605 Saturday. The *News* has gone ahead of the *American*. Also, while the combined *Sun* and *Times* circulation in 1944 exceeded that of the *News*, the current circulation of the *Sun-Times* does not. The *Tribune* had a lead of 538,134 in 1944; it is now 316,843.

The *News* won a Pulitzer prize in

1949 for distinguished and meritorious public service. This award was for an expose of Illinois newsmen on state payrolls during the Springfield tenure of Gov. Dwight Green. George Thiern wrote the stories for the *News*. At the same time Roy Harris wrote similar stories for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. The idea for the expose originated with Harris and not with any of the *News* hierarchy.

The series caused an uproar within the journalistic fraternity, partly because it was not immediately carried outside Illinois by the press associations. This bad faux pas stirred up cries of "suppression!" Speaking with a slightly holier-than-thou accent, an occupational hazard of editorial writers, the *News* said editorially: "We deplore the initial hesitation of the major news services to put the story of the editorial payrollers on the wire. We deplore the failure of some papers to print the story when the news services belatedly did get around to it."

Actually, the *News* itself did not think the series was of any national interest. The first story appeared in the *News* April 14. It was not until April 27 that any press association sent out the story. But the *News* has its own wire service to other newspapers—a wire service which did not carry the payroll story until May 2. By that time the upper echelons of the press, who don't mind being wined and dined free at trade association dinners but are horrified when a sports reporter accepts a fifth at Christmas from a race track public relations man, had expressed their shock in many an unctuous statement.

Some of the uproar reached Morriside Heights, where the Columbia university dons decided to set every thing right by tapping the *News* and the *Post-Dispatch* for the journalistic equivalent of Skull and Bones.

The *News* is not the only Knight newspaper to win a Pulitzer prize. The Miami *Herald* did it in 1951 with its drive against gambling. The Detroit *Free Press* won an award in 1944 for an expose of graft in the Michigan legislature.

"Jack" Knight was born in Bluefield, West Virginia, in 1894. At the time his father, whom Knight remembers as "extremely forceful and well educated," practiced law. In 1900 with a friend, he bought a part interest in the Akron *Beacon-Journal*. He started the Knight family's adventure in journalism.

Knight respects his father as a very able man," but adds C. L. "was not primarily a businessman." C.





Victor Lawson, under whom the News became great, left a tradition destined to stimulate and perplex his successors: how to maintain dignity, circulation and ad lineage simultaneously.



Like his successor as owner of the News, Col. Frank Knox had a businessman's leanings, a wide spectrum of interests, and a relaxed conservatism, which enabled him to function as Navy Secretary for FDR.



A moment in local history: the late Col. McCormick smiles across the contained presence of Holman Pettibone, who helped get the News for Knight. Here, Knight has just made a speech, stating that the U.S. was in for more labor-in-government. This was in 1944.



considered his job was to "run journals of opinion, not cash registers." Asked if he follows his father's philosophy, Knight replies, "I don't follow anybody. Economic conditions facing newspapers are different today than a generation ago. Newspapers must be economically sound to be effective."

As a youngster, Knight was a reserved boy, the son of a wealthy man. After a stint at Central High school in Akron, where he played end on a state championship football team, Knight prepped at Tome school before entering Cornell. His roommate at Cornell was managing editor of the college daily, the *Cornell Sun*, but Knight didn't even have enough interest in journalism to go out for the paper.

When World War I came along, Knight quit the academic halls for the trenches. He picked up considerable ability at poker playing and crap shooting from his wartime experience. After the war Knight had a vague idea about going into the cattle raising business, but C. L. hauled him back to Akron and the *Beacon-Journal*.

In those post-war years the *Beacon-Journal* received intense competition from the *Akron Times-Herald*, a Scripps-Howard newspaper. As he progressed up the *Beacon-Journal* ladder, Knight came to have more authority and his father less. It had to be that way to meet the competition.

The *Beacon-Journal* came down to the people, causing old C. L. to lament editorially, "Where we once, as in the old days of Dana, had the journalistic gem casket, we now have the garbage can of flotsam and jetsam which neither amuses nor instructs an understanding mind."

C. L. died in 1933—in the depths of the depression—and left an estate of \$515,000, mostly in *Beacon-Journal* stock. Knight had to borrow money to pay his inheritance tax. Thruout his career Knight has found the bankers very generous fellows. The bankers, in turn, have found Knight a good risk. In five years of rugged competition Knight ran the Scripps-Howard boys into the ground. They sold out to him in 1938. Knight promptly killed the *Times-Press*, making Akron a one-newspaper city.

The first venture into the world outside Akron came in 1937, after Knight bought the *Miami Herald* for \$2,000,000. All the money was borrowed, with the *Beacon-Journal* put up as collateral. Forty-five days later Knight bought the *Miami Tribune*, killing it. At this point Knight's career gave promise of duplicating Frank

("May He Rest in Trust") Munsey a wholesale journalistic practitioner of the 1920s. But Knight has killed no more newspapers.

Knight moved into what he refers to as "the hard ball league" in 1940 when he purchased the *Detroit Free Press* for \$3,200,000. Only \$100,000 was paid in cash. Knight's job at revitalizing the *Free Press* has been more spectacular than his exploits with the *News*. The *News* was a good paper before Knight bought it; the *Free Press* wasn't. Knight cut costs, made the arch-conservative *Free Press* politically moderate, enlivened the typographical appearance and put some pep into the news columns. In December, 1952, the *Free Press* inched into first place in the Detroit circulation war. It's been a touch and go fight with the *Detroit News* ever since.

Knight is a clean-shaven, substantial appearing man—a solid, strong voiced fellow who personifies the popular conception of a banker. His face is a little ruddy, his ears a little big. He dresses conservatively, having his suits tailor-made here. He picks his own materials and also chooses all his other clothes himself—no wifely sox or ties. He owns two cars—a Buick and a Ford—and he drives them himself.

AS A PUBLISHER and editor who gets out a weekly column, Knight reads a great deal on current affairs. He watches the weekly news magazines, reads the other major newspapers, takes the *Wall Street Journal* and peruses such divergent journals of opinion as the *Freeman* and the *New Republic*. Knight once went to bat for the *New Republic*, a liberal weekly. He agreed to let his name be used in a campaign to raise funds, stating that there was need for a journal presenting the *New Republic's* viewpoint.

That viewpoint differs from Knight's. Knight contends modern liberalism is not in the classical tradition of 19th century liberalism's emphasis on individual freedom. Knight doesn't care for such terms as "conservative" or "liberal" anyway. In national elections his papers usually support Republican candidates. When looking for executives, Knight newspapers want "enlightened conservatives."

Altho it's obvious from his editorial canons that Knight does not worship culture, he'll attend a concert and is developing an interest in painting. He's a member of St. Paul's Episcopal church in Akron, where he sang in the choir as a boy, but he only manages to make the service about six times a year. He'll take a drink and

he's almost a chain smoker—he's recently switched to filter tipped L & M's. Knight has a reputation as a forceful public speaker.

On Knight's desk at the *News* is a portrait of his second wife, Beryl Zoller Comstock, whom he married in 1932, and an engraved testimonial, presented in 1952 "to John S. Knight, in appreciation of his deciding to become a Chicagoan eight years ago by some business friends. There's also a gold coin enclosed in plexiglass, but Knight doesn't know what it is or how it got there. It's just there. The walls of his office are lined with various awards—both Knight, personally, and the *News* have accumulated a peck of them.

Knight only occasionally goes down into the reportorial front lines himself. His most famous exploit came at the Republican national convention in 1952. Knight donned a press badge and buttonholed delegates with other members of what is sometimes jokingly referred to as the "working press". With the outcome still in doubt, Knight stated flatly in a front page news story that Eisenhower would receive the nomination for president and Nixon the nomination for vice-president. He derived this information from several sources.

For his Eisenhower-Nixon scoop Knight received an award from the professional proletarians in the Chicago Newspaper Guild. Knight and the Guild have learned to live with one another. Minimum salary for *News* reporters is \$125 a week after five years' experience; for rewrite men it's \$130 after 4½ years experience. In each case a few odd dollars have been tacked on by minor adjustments. More important, the *News* has been liberal with "merit" pay increases, putting a goodly number of editorial employee above the minimum.

In 1944, the last year under Colonel Knox, the *News* grossed \$11,169,451 and carried \$720,397 down to net income. This was about normal for the Knox era.

In the first few years under Knight gross revenues bounded up substantially and net income spectacularly. In both 1946 and 1947 net income exceeded two million dollars. While gross revenues have gained each year since then, net income has not. The *News*, in common with other newspapers, has had trouble in controlling costs. Last year, with gross revenue at \$22,652,472, net income was \$1,024,429. The flood damage in 1951—not covered by insurance—cost the *News* \$62,569.

The *News* has about 900 stock



holders. They have not received as ample a cash dividend return under Knight as under Knox. Dividends under Knox averaged about \$1 a common share a year. Under Knight the *News* paid 50 cents a share thru 1949 and upped that to \$1 in 1950. But nothing was paid in cash in 1951, only 25 cents in 1952 and nothing in 1953. In 1951 and again in 1952 a stock dividend of five per cent was declared. Last year the *News* got back to the \$1 rate.

If Knight has been a little niggardly with dividends, it's largely been because of his haste to pay off the *News'* debt. At the end of 1944 the *News* had a funded debt of \$1,519,901. A subsidiary had a debt of \$4,700,118, secured by a first mortgage on the *News'* plant. There also was \$4,428,500 in five per cent preferred stock outstanding. One of Knight's first moves was to reorganize the debt structure. At the end of 1946 the combined company and subsidiary new debt was \$8,391,738. The entire debt was paid off by the end of 1953. But a new \$11,000,000 expansion program will be financed partially by bank borrowings.

Knight sees the outlook for newspapers as promising, altho he doesn't rule out the possibility of more fatalities in the hard ball league. To keep ahead of competition, Knight thinks newspapers will have to be youthful in outlook, progressive in thought, unhampered by traditions no longer applicable. He reiterates what he said when he took over the *News*: "In my humble opinion the day of the dull, stodgy newspaper is nearing an end. Popular newspapers will have the call and by using the term 'popular,' I am not implying that they must be either cheap or sensational."

Knight's contribution to journalism is not easily defined at this time. He may have fused parts of Adolph Ochs and William Randolph Hearst. Ochs published the *New York Times* in its great era, when it built its reputation for objectivity, impartiality and comprehensiveness. It was also wordy, dull and suffocating. Hearst, as everyone knows, spoke to a different world—he entertained, titillated and often sensationalized. Knight has taken something from both.

In old C. L.'s phraseology, his son has combined the gem casket and the junk cart. The result, if not easily defined, may be instantly recognized as successful.

A refugee from Minneapolis and Des Moines papers, Basil (Stuffy) Walters, chief-of-staff of the chain, is guilty of "mom" in headlines and zoom in circulation.



#### THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

## Argentina Must Relearn Art of Self-Government

"SOMETIMES leaders believe they are at the apex of their glory and feel like demigods; then they make errors every day.

"Leaders are only men, with all man's defects . . . when a leader believes himself half a god, he is lost. He abuses his authority and his power, he does not respect men and he disdains people. And thus he signs his death sentence."

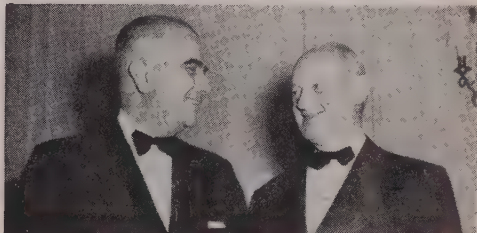
THESE prophetic words were uttered on March 15, 1951, four and a half years ago, by no less a personage than Juan Domingo Peron, the president and dictator of Argentina.

As Peron ponders his fate on the gunboat Paraguay in Buenos Aires harbor, his thoughts must turn back to the day when he correctly appraised the destiny which befalls a tyrant who abuses his power.

In the same year, a group of editors and publishers called upon Juan and Evita Peron in Casa Rosada, the government house in Buenos Aires. Both members of this once famous combination had plausible, if somewhat superficial answers to the questions asked.

The always smiling, never perturbed Perons were later described by James G. Stahlman of the Nashville Banner as "the greatest husband and wife team of slickers I have ever seen operate."

Juan Peron always frankly admitted his tremendous admiration for Benito Mussolini. The walls of his office were adorned with pictures of the Italian despot.



Among the most durable and best of the *News'* traditions is defense of freedom abroad. It has been zealously upheld by Knight, shown here with Alberto Gainza Paz, whose great newspaper, "La Prensa," was stolen by Peron. Theft may be continued by new Argentine regime.

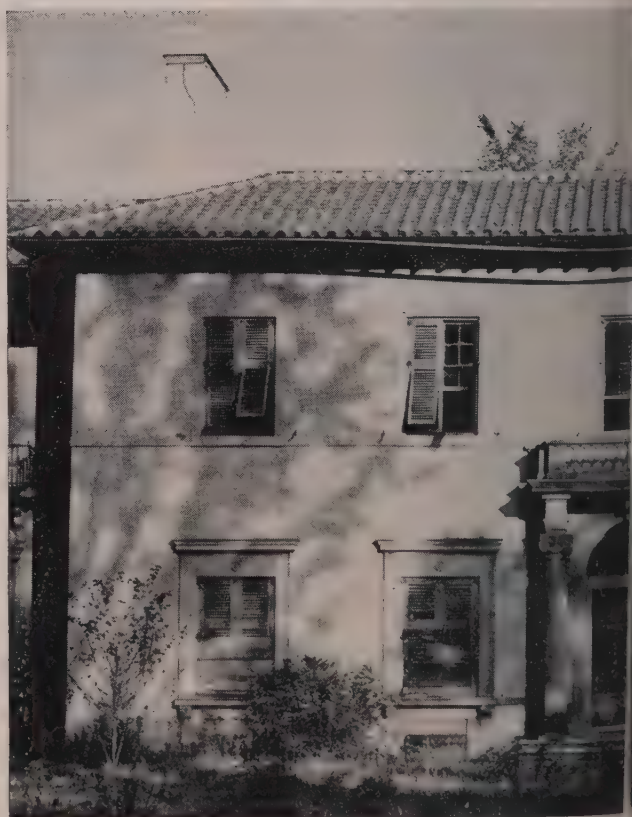


Charles Landon Knight practiced personal journalism which today's society has rendered difficult, but which his son John has never wholly forgotten.



# Edith Rockefeller McCormick

*The leader of Chicago society never lived in her fabulous Lake Forest villa. Eerie, tattered, still empty, it is a house that should be haunted, but is not.*

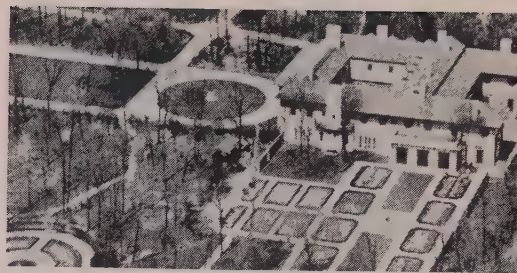


The mistress of the Villa Turicum posed for the portrait sometime around 1912, when the new villa was finished. She had invested millions of dollars in it, and an ardent peace and quiet. Splendid on its four terraces above the 44 rooms elaborate with the handwork of imported crafts, the villa waited to be lived in. But suddenly Mrs. McCormick



# Villa Turicum

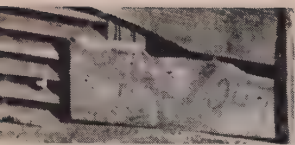
by Jean Shebs



prodigious social, cultural and charitable ac-  
and fled, exhausted, to Switzerland. A staff  
nts equivalent to the population of a small  
ot the villa in readiness. Eight years later she  
ck — to resume her relentless social pace, but  
spend longer at the villa than one afternoon.







## Villa Turicum



The whole world noted the marriage, in 1895, of the daughter of John D. Rockefeller to the son of Cyrus McCormick. In 1897 Harold McCormick brought his beautiful and talented bride to Chicago, where their children were born: Fowler, Muriel and Mathilde. In 1920 they were divorced.



Sunlight and debris (right) now violate the great west entrance hall, which had been formal and impeccable (below). Lovers and vandals are the only visitors these years. Pending in court now is a lawsuit for damage allegedly wreaked eight years ago during a Boy Scout jamboree.







An ancient sarcophagus, marble columns and an intricate skylight were showpieces in the Pompeian room. The skylight (right) is still, tho differently, dramatic. Inspiration for the villa was Italian. All about the place was Italian Renaissance statuary.



"My hope is in God" — the legend on the fireplace is the only thing unchanged in the dining room where guests once ate from the gold dishes Napoleon gave his sister, and trod upon rugs that had belonged to Peter the Great. No one was ever offered an alcoholic drink in Mrs. McCormick's house.



## Villa Turicum



The dedication "to repose" reads like the villa's epitaph. When she ordered this inscription for the formal tea house, Edith Rockefeller McCormick sought such sweet

quiet for herself. View from this arch, one way, is into the native ravine and to the lake; looking the other way, it opens upon a formal garden.



But in other places on the grounds she selected things like these restless fountain figures in pink marble.

During the eight years in Switzerland, Mrs. McCormick was a pupil of the psychologist Carl Jung (below, left); back at home, she privately preached and practiced psychoanalysis. Also in the Swiss period, she was a patron of James Joyce (right) — to help him complete "Ulysses" she gave him 1,000 francs monthly.





The former landmark at 1000 Lake Shore drive (right) was where Mrs. McCormick lived out the rest of her years. She entertained punctually and regularly, patronized grand opera and disagreed with her sons-in-law. She did little with regard to the country villa except to keep it staffed; once she had Lake Forest society come there for a bridge party (news picture below) but did not appear herself.



bottom: page 28, United Press, Don Bronstein; p. 29, Bronstein; p. 30, International News Photos, Bronstein, Frederick Bemm; p. 31, Bemm, Bronstein (2), Bemm; p. 32, Bronstein (3), UP (2); p. 33, INP (3), Bronstein.

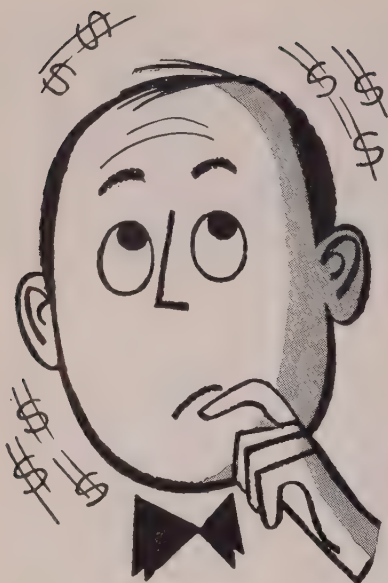


A member of the Jung group was Edwin D. Krenn, Swiss landscape architect, who returned to Chicago with Mrs. McCormick and became her closest associate. He lived for many months at the Villa Turicum while he landscaped it; then he moved into a room in the Drake hotel from which he could see the garden at 1000 Lake Shore drive. In the 1927 Easter parade Krenn, as usual, respectfully accompanied Mrs. McCormick, who as usual wore lilies of the valley on a dark dress (left). They customarily conversed in German. Mrs. McCormick's will left Krenn five-twelfths of her estate, which he signed away in favor of an annuity. He now lives in relative poverty and complete obscurity on the Near North Side. He has not seen the villa grounds since 1932, and does not want to.

Edith Rockefeller McCormick died of cancer in 1932, and the Villa Turicum was sold at auction, together with her art treasures and jewels, soon thereafter. Latest purchaser of the villa, in 1947, was a group of local men who paid \$203,366 for it (it had been most often evaluated at \$7,000,000), and plan eventually to demolish the mansion and build a subdivision on its 198 acres. Meanwhile the broken doors of the villa creak at the ends of its desolate corridors. The place that was no one's home has the repose to which it was dedicated.







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## As We Were



**75 YEARS AGO.** Less than one-sixth of the city's population went to the polls in the presidential election of November, 1880. James A. Garfield, the successful Republican candidate, carried Chicago by a margin of 42,972 to 38,311 over Democrat W. S. Hancock. As a result of an **election bet**, Thomas McGovern, a pay-roller in the assessor's office, had to don a red cap and chain and play the part of a monkey, with George Plock, a North Side grocer, serving as organ grinder . . . Railroads running to the Southwest were conducting a vigorous **price war** on passenger tickets. Fare to St. Louis was slashed from \$10 to as low as a dollar.

**50 YEARS AGO.** Sarah Bernhardt appeared at the Grand Opera house in November, 1905, as part of a "**positively farewell**" tour . . . Voters approved propositions increasing the mayor's term of office from two years to four and replacing the justice of the peace system with the Municipal court . . . Frank E. Mandel, merchandise manager of Mandel Brothers store, died of pneumonia at 34 . . . A dog housed in the basement of the University of Chicago zoology building was keeping students and faculty members awake by barking loudly thru each night. He had been **bitten by a cat** during the previous summer and the scientists were observing him for possible effects.



**25 YEARS AGO.** In November, 1930, red-bearded James Hamilton Lewis was elected to the U. S. Senate by a record margin of more than 700,000 votes. His fellow Democrat, **Edward J. Barrett**, won the state treasurer post at the age of 30 . . . Roy W. Ammel, local stock broker and spare-time aviator, made the first non-stop flight from New York to Panama. Then he was injured while taking off to return home . . . A Massachusetts writer developed a new interpretation of the Bible indicating that the **Garden of Eden** had been located near Lake Michigan . . . Robert M. Hutchins announced his first reorganization at the University of Chicago.



*They say the trouble with a kitten is that eventually it becomes a cat, and they say that any woman will flirt as the train pulls out.*

a short  
story by  
John W.  
Dickson

## ROUNDHOUSE

The telephone light flashes red and Burke picks up the headpiece, clamps it over one ear, and draws a pencil out of his vest pocket. The telephone has been ringing, too, but we seldom hear it ring because usually, as now, there's a giant locomotive just outside our window heaving and crashing, clanging its bell, and letting off deafening blasts of steam. There's just the two of us—Burke and me. Together we are the unit known as carload tracing. Burke used to be an engineer but when his heart went bad on him the road put him up here in the house where he has grown fatter and fatter, until now he is gasping and sweating to

stay alive, wallowing in his obesity like an old man in a huge feather bed. He talks on the phone with the exhaustion of one who has just run up three flights of stairs.

"Hello. Yeah, this is carload tracing. Yeah . . . yeah . . . what's the car number? Okay, now give me the dope. Yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah . . . how the hell should I know? Yeah . . . okay. First I got to spot it and try to stop it . . . Wait a minute. No, we ain't got no record but that don't mean much. Okay . . . yeah . . . yeah, I'll let you know. I'll call you back. Hang up! What a jerk."

Burke finishes writing up the order and hands it over.

"Here, spot this. Great Northern fifty-six five-twelve out of Kensington on the tenth. Better check the move off the Michigan Central."

"Okay. What's the matter?"

"Oh, some screwloose billed it to Greenville, Mississippi, instead of Greenville, South Carolina. Why don't those guys read their orders?"

I take the reconsigning order and read it over. A hundred and twelve thousand pounds of bulk corn billed to Acme Feed, Greenville, Mississippi, routed Rock Island, Peoria and Illinois Central. Stop and reroute shortest and quickest to Acme Feed, Greenville, South Carolina. I pick up the phone and dial the Michigan Central yardmaster.

"John? How are you, John? Say, give me the move on a GN car fifty-six five-twelve out of Kensington on the tenth. Okay."

As I wait I gaze down at the vast, track-streaked yard with its miles of coaches and shunting freights, huge





drawings by Art Lerner

black iron locomotives, and gaudy, streamlined diesels. Over on seven I see Johnson walking along an endless freight, checking the couplings and striking all the wheels with his crowbar to test their soundness. Up in front, Wilson, the fireman, has already stirred up the fire and set the drafts and is heaving scoop after scoop of coal into the furnace.

Near him Duncan is busy fingering the controls, checking the pressure gauges and releasing barking spurts of steam as he tests each of the valves. He pulls a rag from his pocket and begins wiping the levers clean, and with a huge oil can lubricates the pistons and cotter joints and drive shaft sleeves and bearings. And way off to the left on track eleven a long, long train is snaking slowly southward, switching off the yard spur onto the main line. Soon it is far away in the hazy horizon, off to pastoral edens and drab nonentity towns, vomiting its black bituminous clouds on clean laundry hung out to dry along its path.

"Hello. Yes, I'm still here. Okay, let's have it. 1:30 a.m.? 501? Brody! That's fine. Thanks, John. Sure, I'll call 'em. Thanks."

"What you find out, Jack?"

"Here. GN 56512 pulled 1:30 a.m. on the eleventh, Belt engine 501. Conductor Brody. Now wait till I call the Belt. They've been so jammed up lately they might still be holding it."

"Brody, eh? I had a fireman named Brody once. Boy, he had a time, that guy Brody. I wonder if it's the same Brody."

"Hello, Belt? Bessie? How ya,

honey? Say Bess—look up a GN 56512 for me, will you? Off the M. C. 1:30 a.m. on the eleventh, engine 501, Conductor Brody. Sure, I'll wait. Take your time."

Burke settles back in his chair, folds his hands over his huge gut, and rambles on.

"That could be the same Brody. After what happened to him, I guess he could be a conductor on the Belt now instead of a fireman on the line. We were together a long time—years—on the Big Sandy run down to Elkhorn City where the C&O ties up with the Clinchfield. That's all coal country down there, where the hillbillies all got coal dust in their hair and little holes in the hills in their back yards where they scratch the stuff out of the earth and swap it for hooch and groceries to keep alive.

"Those Kentucky hillbillies aren't like the kind in West Virginia. They'd rather damn near starve working their own back yard pits than go to work for a decent wage in the big mines. Ask me, I'd say they're better off—probably a damn sight happier. I know they're friendly. Wasn't a one of 'em wouldn't stop what he was doing and wave at us as we'd go boiling along thru those hills. And we'd always wave at them, too. Nice friendly gesture, but you know, that waving business was just about the undoing of this fellow Brody. He had one girl in particular he'd always wave at. Hell, she couldn't have been more than ten or twelve years old when he saw her and waved for the first time. She lived in a bundle of boards just the other side of Shelby,

just herself and a cat and her old grandmother. God knows how they kept alive. But I'm here to tell you, Jack, I don't think she missed waving at Brody once in all the years we made that run.

"Why you'd think she just lived to wave at him—rain or shine, hail or sleet, there she'd be waving. You won't believe this but once she was sick and when we went by we saw her out in front of the shack all wrapped in blankets, too weak to wave. And she was pretty, too—not much to look at at first, but as the years rolled by she blossomed out into quite an attractive young thing. And you could see Brody liked her. He knew the exact spot where he'd find her each time we'd go by, but even so he'd be scanning the countryside a couple miles ahead of time, afraid he might miss seeing her, you know. And him with a wife and two grown kids back home."

A voice at the other end of the line draws me away from Burke's reminiscing.

"Hello? Sure, I'm still here, Bessie. What'd you find out? Got it? It was, eh? Okay, okay—thanks, lovey. How's your old man treating you? No kidding? Well, that's what you get. Yeah. Say hello to Mousey. So long. Hey, Burke, that car of corn went to Markham yards on the Illinois Central. We were supposed to get the haul to Peoria."

"Better call Markham. God, they sure can louse 'em up. We issue a bill of lading and never even get the damn car. Call Markham and have them spot it."

After dialing and considerable waiting I finally get thru to Markham.

"Hello. Markham yards? That you Kelly? Jack! Yeah. Say, Kelly, a car of corn—Great Northern five-six-five one-two; the Belt says it left Clearing 6:30 p.m. on the eleventh for you on an interline switch waybill, Engine 1019, Conductor Weber, billed to Acme Feed, Greenville, Mississippi. State should be South Carolina. Spot it and stop it, will you Kelly? And let me know how you make out. Okay... yeah... well try. Sure, I can hang on."

DOWN THRU the hills the trains go their shrieking whistles clawing deep into every young heart that burns with dreams of the wonder of the world blatantly blasting flights of birds from the marsh or sending rabbits high tailing for the thicket. They weave along the rocky river, along the base of sheer walls of shale, along the brink of precipices and down, down into blue gray fog that clings to the valley bottoms like a cloud that has fallen down the mountainside.



and there are flocks of people who sit  
perched on fence rails like so many  
birds waiting for the trains to pass  
by: the leathery faced, sun-dried,  
work-worn men and the dreamless  
women parched by hard living and  
worn by child bearing and child  
bearing — stringy, haggard women for  
whom an ax is a labor-saving device  
— and there are the grubby children  
born to work in the fields or the mines,  
the strong young men, whose muscles  
are their only heritage, and here and  
there a young girl feeling for all the  
world like Hollywood because of a  
clean print dress. The trains roar by,  
their shrill clarion heralding the  
speedy caravan of those strange, smug  
people who are always going some-  
where, back and forth, back and  
forth, spreading clouds of dust and  
sweat on the backbone of America.

"Yeah, Brody had a family of his  
own and all he thought about was  
that girl in the hills out of Shelby,"  
Burke resumed. "But I can't say as  
I blame him. Here his boy and girl  
were in college in Lexington, and I  
tell you they were downright ashamed  
of Brody because he was a fireman.  
Ignorant young snips — what they  
needed was a good thrashing. Why,  
they'd sulk around him and never  
give him more than a yes or no.  
They must of really hated him — got  
so he'd dread the thought of going  
home. And his wife wasn't much  
better; considered him no more than  
a meal ticket and a poor one at that,  
and when she wasn't nagging or bitch-  
ing she'd shut up altogether. Guess  
Brody would have been happier if he  
was a drinking man but he wasn't,  
so all he could do was put up with

it as long as he could and then walk  
out. He probably figured a good jolt  
would do his kids good and that if  
worse came to worse they could get  
jobs and support their old lady, so  
out he walked.

"The next relief we got, instead of  
going home he bought a new suit  
and went to Shelby to look up this  
girl that always waved to him. He  
looked pretty good for an old stoker  
and boy, she was a number herself,  
let me tell you. Well, Brody put his  
cards down and told her just how  
he stood; that he was married and  
couldn't get out of it but that he  
loved her and needed her and wanted  
to stay there and live with her com-  
mon law style and never leave her.  
Well, she was game. She had some  
land there and they figured if they  
worked it they might make a go of

---

## The Dauphin

(after Daudet)

Like monstrous icicles the chandeliers  
Depend from gold ceilings; the walls gleam, and the floors.  
The valentine lords and ladies whisper softly as their silks,  
Lackeys and maids stand mute on the marble stairs.

In one chamber the King sits and pulls at his beard;  
In another a priest is whispering, the Queen is weeping  
Beside the Dauphin small in the great bed;  
At his feet a silky spaniel lies sleeping.

The prince cries out, "I am Dauphin! He will not dare!  
Ring the palace with culverin, have my lansquenets  
Mount guard at every door, let no one pass;  
Presently he will tire and go away."

But the priest whispers; and the Dauphin murmurs,  
"Then say I will offer as ransom my medals, my watch,  
My music-box painted with sea-fights, and my little gold  
coach with six silver horses to draw it  
— Even, if need be, my spaniel, Patch."

But the priest whispers, till the prince in pride says,  
"Then dress me in my best velvets, with my sword and my star,  
And let our ambassador announce me in due manner,  
So God may know that a Dauphin comes, and prepare."

But the priest whispers still, and the Queen sobs;  
The clock ticks; the spaniel quivers, hunting in sleep.  
The prince cries, "Why, then, to be Dauphin is nothing,  
nothing at all!"  
And silently turns his face away, to weep.

— Elder Olson



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**8:30 to 2:00**

things. So Brody quit his job and started living there with this young girl. His old lady came around with some detectives and tried to pump me but I didn't give Brody away. I didn't get much chance to talk to him after that, but I figured that he must be pretty happy because everytime I'd make the Big Sandy run I'd see him and the girl standing at the door of their shack waving at me."

"Yeah, Kelly, I'm still here. What'd you get on it? It did, eh? Wow! Well I tell you! If it gets past Martin it will have to be billed local and that would cost the shipper plenty. See if Cairo's still got it and if they do have them reconsign it to Greenville, South Carolina, and route it NC&STL out of Martin and the Southern to destination. We've got a teletype here — tell them to let us know. Thanks, Kelly. Okay."

Burke is curious. "What's up?"

"Well, it left Markham on I.C. train CC-7 for Cairo yesterday and was due there this morning. It takes a few hours to make up the New Orleans train there and Kelly says if they're still working on it he can have it pulled out. Otherwise he'll have to try Martin, Tennessee, and if it's past there we're out of luck. We should know in a few minutes."

Down the tracks and off into the hills the trains go, their deep throated whistle a loud and lonely and ghostly hollow echoing far off into the distance, unearthing long forgotten memories. Down, down thru Birmingham at half past four in the morning, a brief instant in the seventh circle of hell where crashing engines and roaring crucibles accompany the mills spewing forth their flaming excrement of sulfurous slag for an ever growing barren monument.

And the bell, the incessant bell, rings sharp and clear, defiant and unpretentious thru turbulence or tranquility—the only music some folks ever hear: a clock to some, a call to supper, a signal to start the day, or a matin, a call to vespers, a sign that day is thru or that night is endless and sleepless. Or it is even a sad, somber bell, tolling for the Poles and Dutch, the Irish and Swedes who sweated to build the road and for the many who died with pick and shovel in their hands and were buried there in the roadbed. Their bones still lie under the tracks and in tribute their graves are daily doused with toilet flushings of the many trains that rumble over them.

"Brody was a big hulk of a man, strong as an ox, but he was a fireman, not a land grubber. Maybe it's his fault the thing fell thru, or maybe it was the girl's. Brody was really in

love with her as she was all those years of her childhood when she'd wave to him as he rushed by. They say the trouble with a kitten is that eventually it becomes a cat, and they say that any woman will flirt as the train pulls out. I think she had actually loved him when he was that gallant fireman who roared thru her life every day, but when she saw him as a graying clodhopper who tried grubbing a living out of that stony earth just like anyone else, he became the fallen idol itself.

"Then, too, since she and Brody were living together and not married, people started talking and making tough for her. They're pretty fussy in the hills—guess they figure decency is about all they've got left. Well, she took it pretty hard at first, until she decided there's no sense in just being half bad. In time she began waving at all the trains and taking up with the gandy walkers and hanging around the yards at Elkhorn City. That really knocked the props out from Brody — not that he was jealous but because he figured if he'd kept away from her she'd still be the sweet young thing she'd always been. He hated himself so much and felt so sorry for her that he fought with her and yelled at her and called her a tramp and told her to get out. So right in the middle of the night she went off to the city and never came back.

"I think that was the greatest sorrow Brody ever had, greater than knowing his own wife and kids didn't love him. If he's a conductor on the Be now instead of a fireman on the line it must be because spoiling that girl life broke his spirit. He left that old shack and went back to his family and strangely enough they were glad to have him back. Maybe they really liked him after all or maybe they figured that it's a damn sight easier to love their meal ticket than give up college and scratch for a living. Yeah, I'll bet that's the same Brody all right."

Far off down the line a long dirt train grows larger and larger as winds like a huge snake as it swerves onto track eight. The sun shines down on it but the dust and dirt of it return no sparkling aura. It is a tired train, back from the hell of Birmingham and the foggy hills of Tennessee but still its bell, like an indefatigable heart, beats out its steady rhythmic clear, indomitable tones.

The teletype beside me rings and I flick open the receiving switch and read the slowly forming message clacks out:

Cairo Illinois GN 56512 on hand  
Reconsigning Greenville South Carolina per order Kelly Chicago.



# 35 mm *Clairvoyance*

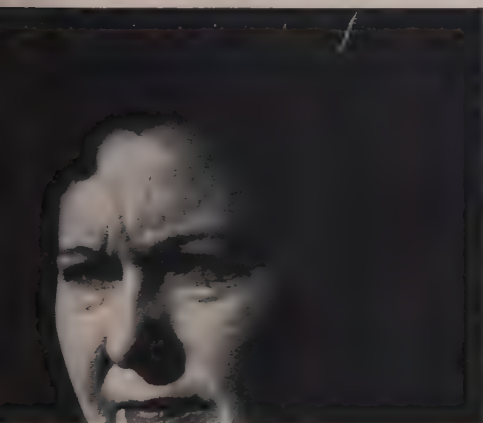
Camera Studies by  
Harry Callahan

Captions by Jack Dunn

Each of these women is walking alone  
on a city street . . . thoughtful, intro-  
spective, unconscious of passers-by —  
and of Harry Callahan's extra-sensory  
camera probing their thoughts, eaves-  
dropping on emotions, looking into past  
and future with f.2.8 second sight.



Here grows an ancient wisdom . . . from suspicion —



— through a wary distrust —

— into an old-wife's wry,  
reflective disenchantment.



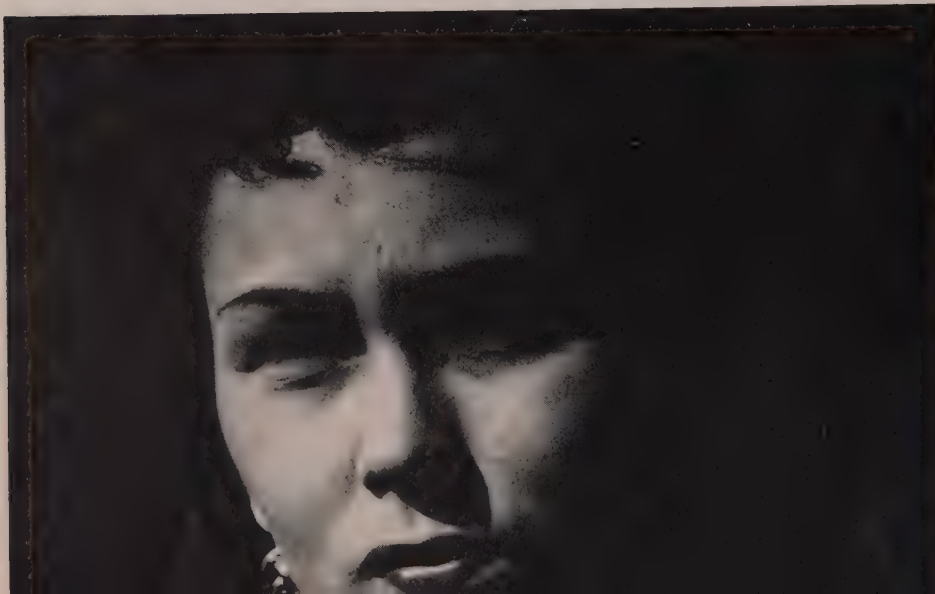




This single sidewalk leads  
from galleried yesterdays .



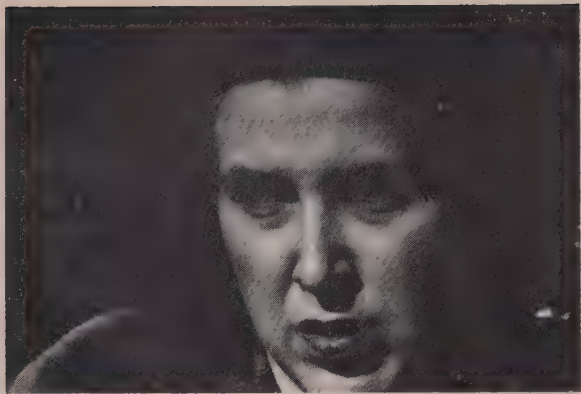
... through a deliberate,  
watchful today ...



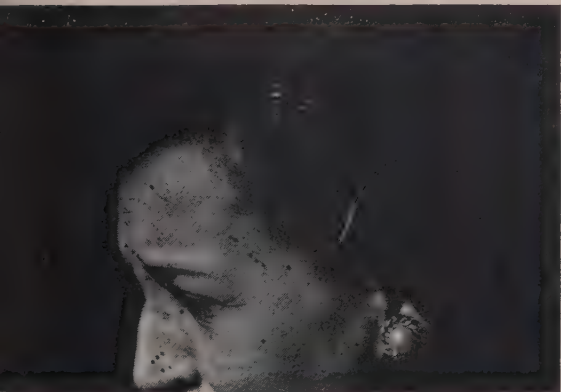
... into tomorrow's  
dubious promises.



The nervous, clicking pace of anticipation . . .



the slow progress of apprehension.



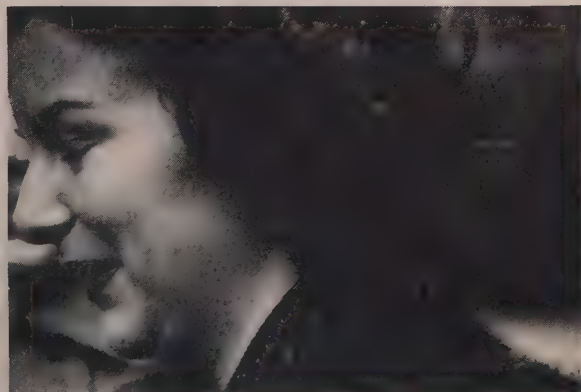
The watchful . . .



. . . and the tense.



And (writ large) he loves me not . . .



. . . and (larger still) he loves me.





George Halas in comparative repose.

# A Long Way from the Starchworks

*Without sacrificing brawn, George Halas has brought the brain to football during 30 creative years as coach of the Chicago Bears*

by Alan Whitney

A revolutionary kind of pre-game ceremony was added to professional football early this season. First in Philadelphia and later in Baltimore, the sporting institution known as the "Day" was given an unprecedented twist.

On both occasions, speeches were made and gifts presented in honor of a squarely built, unhandsome man who had developed the most successful team of all time. In neither case, however, was that team the home team. Both times it was the opposing Chicago Bears, and the recipient of the unusual accolade was the founder, owner and coach of the Bears, George Stanley Halas.

Halas' hosts were not motivated by masochism in saluting one who has broken records for inflicting misery on his athletic adversaries. They honored him because, more than any other man, he is responsible for the very existence of professional football. And the scope of his influence on the game extends even further. A whole new style of play which has brought more speed, deception and scoring to both professional and college stadiums during the past 15 years can be traced substantially to Halas and the Bears.

This season was chosen for presentation of the itinerant George Halas Day because when the year's hostilities cease Halas will step down as the Bears' coach a third and final time.

Ironically, the man who has coached more victories than anyone else in football history once fired himself on charges of incompetence. His other hiatus took place during World War II, when he served in the Navy as welfare and recreation officer of the Pacific fleet. Now, at 60, he plans to surrender tactical control permanently to a successor who, tho probably chosen, has not yet been named.

When Halas leaves the bench for the last time he will have coached the Bears for 30 of their 36 seasons. During the first 29 he recorded 357 wins, 58 more than were directed by Amos Alonzo Stagg during his considerably longer career, spent mostly at the University of Chicago.

If that record is based partly on mere longevity, the Bears hold scores of others, both team and individual, that rest purely on merit. They have won the most championships, scored the most points in a game and in a season, won the most consecutive games, made the most touchdowns by running and the most by passing in a game, been forced to punt the fewest times in a season. No other team has gone thru a season of National Football league play undefeated and untied; the Bears have done it twice.

Sid Luckman, the nonpareil Bear quarterback of the 1940s, has the records for touchdown passes in a game and in a season. Halas himself, who

was a player, as well as owner and coach, during the Bears' first decade has title to the longest run with a fumble in pro archives. One afternoon about 33 years ago he grabbed a loose ball on the Bears' two yard line and sloshed thru muddy, puddly Wrigley field for a touchdown. He was hotly but futilely pursued by the man who had fumbled the ball—none other than Jim Thorpe, the athletically omniscient Indian who could play anything but chess to near perfection.

IN ADDITION to their columns of statistical records, the Bears are responsible for all sorts of milestones in the development of the game. They were the first team in professional history to hold regular practice sessions, the first to use movies of past games in preparing for future ones, the first to station a "telephone quarterback" high above the field to conduct a running analysis of the play and recommend tactics to the coach, the first to cover their field with a tarpaulin to protect against bad weather, the first to have a team song and the first to form an alumni association of former players.

All of these practices are now standard with other teams except the last two, which are symptoms of the unique degree to which the Bears have infused the college spirit in the branch of football which admits it is professional. The morale thus engendered

ered accounts for the familiar journalistic designation of the Bears organization as "Halas U."

The founder of this institution of higher scoring is the youngest of three sons of a middle class West Side Bohemian family. He attended Crane high school and then the University of Illinois, where he starred in the three major sports. He played both end and halfback in football. He was captain of the basketball team and threw in the winning points against Wisconsin that gave Illinois the Big Ten championship in 1917. His best sport, however, was baseball, and he came very close to making it a career.

Halas took an engineering degree in 1918 and immediately joined the navy. He played on the Great Lakes football team that won the 1919 Rose Bowl game. That spring he joined the New York Yankees, who regarded him as a sensational outfield prospect. An injury barred immediate major league success, however, and Halas quit the game after one season with the St. Paul club. In the fall of 1919 he took a job as a bridge engineer with the Burlington railroad and played foot-

ball on week ends with a team in Hammond.

Professional football had existed for 25 years at that time and it had more practitioners than it possesses today. But its status in the hierarchy of spectator sports was close to the sandlot level. There were no leagues. Most of the teams represented small towns, and their personnel was likely to consist of local youths who worked in factories during the week and performed on Sunday for crowds of a few hundred. These spectacles usually rated little, if any, space in the sports sections of metropolitan newspapers.

While Halas was assisting the Hammond entry in this informal scramble he came in contact with A. E. Staley, who owned a starch works bearing his name in Decatur. As a public relations activity, the Staley firm had been sponsoring a semi-pro baseball team which had been successful enough to encourage expansion into other sports.

Accordingly, Staley gave Halas a job which included playing on the baseball team, organizing the football squad, supervising the company's entire athletic program and apprenticing

in various phases of the starch making business.

Halas thus boarded a merry-go-round which he has ridden ever since, working like several men at a variety of tasks which have come to include several business connections other than the Bears. He hit over .300 for the Staleys baseball team in the summer of 1920, at the same time that he was scouring midwestern campuses enlisting talent for the company's football venture. The search was so successful that the Staleys, before they had played a game, gained admission to the National Football league when it was formed that fall by a number of more or less established teams.

The Decatur Staleys were a considerable artistic and financial success in their first and, as it turned out, only season. They tied for the league championship with a record ten wins, one loss and two ties. Gate receipts were sufficient to give each player about \$1,900 when they were divided at the end of the year.

In 1921, however, a minor economic recession swept the country, and Staley decided he would have to avoid



Ecstatic, boisterous Bears celebrate victory in 1943 playoff game that gave them third world championship in four years. Halas, in Navy uniform, was on leave from duties in Pacific. Mascot in foreground sits on sidelines at all games.



the financial risk involved in backing a football team. Halas then determined to move the squad to his home town, and he got Staley to put up \$5,000 to help cover the expenses on the basis that the name would be retained for a year. Halas saw his new venture as one with great possibilities and also with a lot of work, so he decided to take on a partner. He selected Edward (Dutch) Sternaman, a member of the team and a friend from his days at Illinois. Halas and Sternaman arranged to rent Wrigley field for their home games, and thus, for the first time, pro football moved into a major sports arena.

A respectable crowd of 8,000 turned out for the first game in 1921, as the Staleys won and went on to take the league title, their last until 1932, although every intervening season save one found them winning more games than they lost.

The early 1920s were years of struggle for the professional game. The league was large and unwieldy, with many of the teams representing cities too small to support major sports ventures. Players were seldom paid more than \$100 a game, and schedules were made on a week-to-week basis. The newspapers remained largely aloof and the colleges were openly hostile to what they called a threat to amateurism. The first streamer headline ever devoted to the pro game announced Stagg's determination to squelch it.

Nevertheless, the early pros inched slowly forward. The Chicago Staleys had lost \$71.63 in their first season, but in 1922, as the Bears, they made \$1,476.92. The new name was coined to parallel that of the Cubs, who were not only Halas' landlords but his favorite baseball team.

WHAT PROFESSIONAL football needed at this point was some master stroke that would give it the status of a major entertainment before press and public. This advance, like most of the game's big strides, was provided by the Bears.

The sensation of the sporting world in the mid-20s was Harold Grange, a red-headed youth from Wheaton who ran with a football in a manner that has yet to be emulated. In the fall of 1925, as Grange approached his last game for the University of Illinois, the nation awaited announcement of his plans for the future.

Turning professional was not being done in the best college circles, but it seemed preposterous that a fellow of Grange's unique talents would stop doing what he did best at the age of 22. The mystery was cleared up the day after Grange completed his college career against Ohio State. He traveled incognito to Chicago and

signed a contract with the Bears.

Grange made his professional debut that Thanksgiving day, and an unprecedented crowd of 36,000 packed Wrigley field to watch him. The Bears set one of their strangest records on a killing Eastern tour that found them playing seven games in an equal number of cities during a nine-day period. They drew such throngs as 35,000 in Philadelphia and 65,000 in New York. When Grange and his teammates limped home they were in no condition to play badminton, but they had brought professional football to thousands of fans who had never seen it before and the game soon gained enough stature to survive the forth-

coming depression.

The fall of 1929 brought misery to Wrigley field as well as LaSalle street with the Bears experiencing the first losing season in their history. It was at this point that Halas gave up tactical control of the team and hired "competent" coach in the person of Ralph Jones, who had been at LaSalle Forest college.

The Jones era lasted three years during which the Bears made a bizarre addition to their list of "firsts." On two occasions they met the threat of bitter cold by playing games inside. It was spread over the floor of the Chicago stadium and a field 80 yards long laid out. The first game produced a



Formal pose of 1941 first team, probably the Bears' greatest. Includes, from left: backfield, Hugh Gallarneau, Sid Luckman, Norm Standlee, Ray Nolting; line, John Siegal, Lee Artoe, Ray Bray, "Bulldog" Turner, Danny Fortmann, Ed Kolman, Dick Plasman. Gallarneau, Luckman, Artoe and Bray are all local business men now, and Turner is an assistant Bears coach.



Bob Zuppke, center, for whom Halas played at Illinois served as advisory coach with Bears during 1947 season. At left is Halas and at right, Heartley (Hunk) Anderson, who was line coach during Bears' best years.



George (One-Play) McAfee rewards Sid Luckman, who passed for one touchdown and ran for another, after 1946 playoff in which Bears won last championship. McAfee, most elusive runner in league history, was called to navy service at peak of his career and never regained his prowess after war. Ray (Scooter) McLean, another rapid halfback, is at right.

Professional football took a big plunge forward in 1925 when Halas obtained services of Harold (Red) Grange, phenomenal runner from Illinois, and drew unheard-of crowds in a strenuous Eastern tour.



Bronko (that's his real, Ukrainian name) Nagurski sparked Bears offense as a bulldozer fullback during the 1930s. Then he came out of six-year retirement to help war-depleted team win 1943 championship.



Jack Manders looked and played the part of a rugged fullback. He also established records for place kicking before the war.

confusion, since it was ruled that scoring must be accomplished as if the court had the conventional length of 100 yards. Each time the ball changed hands the officials moved it about in order to compensate for the brevity of the playing surface.

For the second indoor game, the teams simply accepted the fact that they had an eighty-yard field and abandoned all efforts to pretend that it were 25 percent longer. This joust

determined the championship of the 1932 season, and the Bears won it to acquire their first league title in eleven years and to launch a new era in which they were to become the Yankees of football.

Between the 1932 and 1933 seasons, a number of decisions were made that profoundly affected the future of the Bears and the league. For one thing, Sternaman sold his interest in the Bears to Halas. Then Ralph Jones, who had built the championship team, resigned to return to Lake Forest as athletic director. Unable to hire his ideal of a suitable replacement, Halas decided to resume coaching for a year until he could find one. The "year" proved to be of abnormal duration. It is still going on.

The Bears' 1932 championship had been gained in strange fashion. They had won only half of their 14 games, losing one and tying six. Second place Green Bay had a record of ten victories, three defeats and one tie. Since the ties were ruled out in determining the standings, the Bears showed a greater winning percentage. Halas realized that while the ties, two of them in scoreless games, had benefited the Bears, they had not had a similar effect on the spectators.

As chairman of the league's rules committee, he sponsored several changes designed to foster a more diverse style of play and increase scoring. One innovation was allowing a forward pass to be thrown from any point behind the line of scrimmage, instead of from points at least five yards back. Another was moving the goal posts from the rear of the end zone to the goal line to encourage kicking of field goals. At the same time the league was split into Western and Eastern divisions, with their champions meeting annually in a sort of World Series game.

In the first eleven of these playoffs, the Bears represented the Western division seven times and they achieved four league championships. During this period they won 98 regular season games while losing 23. It was thru the final four years of the golden age that they fielded what is commonly regarded as the most powerful team ever assembled. It dominated the league from 1940 thru 1943, winning 37 games while losing five, taking the division title each year and the league championship three times, breaking all records for scoring and gaining yardage.

It came as close to perfection as human beings are likely to get on the afternoon of December 8, 1940, when it won by the incredible score of 73 to 0 in the championship game against the Washington Redskins.

These achievements of the early





Bulldog Turner made Sid Luckman's work easier by handing him the ball with laces in just the right position for passing, thereby speeding play.



Long-time associates of Halas are assistant coaches Luke Johnsos, left, and Clark Shaughnessy. Johnsos, who may succeed Halas as head coach, is noted for his ability to analyze opponents defense during a game and recommend scoring plays. Shaughnessy has helped develop Bears' "T" formation.

*design by Carl Schranz*

1940s caused Eastern sports writers, with little regard for local geography, to dub the Bears the "Monsters of the Midway." They also revolutionized football tactics on both the professional and college levels.

The system of play the Bears had developed is known as the "T formation with man in motion." Its technical details are numerous and complicated. Its significance is that it makes for a wide open game, full of deceptive maneuvers, forward passes and long runs.

The basic "T" formation was not invented by the Bears. It was not only old when they rose to prominence but was generally regarded as being outmoded. The single wing formation, ideally suited to the plodding power football of the 1930s, was the vogue. By the end of World War II, however, the single wing had all but disappeared from the methodology of major professional and college teams, and the sweeping change could be traced almost entirely to the Bears' successful employment of their version of the "T."

The war and subsequent events destroyed the Bears' and anybody's greatest team. The Bears finished second in their division in 1944, fourth the next year. Many of the pre-war stars returned for the 1946 season, but not all of them shone with their original brilliance. Furthermore, several shunned the Bears to seek employment in the newly formed and ill-



The perfect football game was played by Bears in 1940, when they won championship from Washington Redskins, 73 to 0. Fullback Bill Osmanski, a North Side dentist, is stopped after an unusually short gain.

ated rival of the National league, the All-America conference.

Despite these obstacles, Halas was able to grind out one more championship that year, after which the Bears went into a period of gradual, then precipitous, decline. They finished second in their division for four consecutive years, tying Los Angeles for first in 1950 but losing a playoff for Western pre-eminence. After that they began skidding badly and in 1953 they had their worst season, winning only three games.

The trouble during this period was not all with the Bears. What was more significant was that Halas' imitators were beginning to catch up with him. Many of the other pro teams had hired former Bear players as coaches. Nearly all of them had turned to the style of play initiated by Halas, and their young players were executing better than his veterans.

Not one to drag his feet for an extended period, however, Halas rebuilt with new men and last season the Bears climbed to second place in the Western division. As this year's play opened, fans and players saw considerable justification for their hope that Halas' last coaching year would be a championship one.

A favorable omen appeared in a pre-season exhibition game, when the Bears for the first time defeated the Cleveland Browns. The Browns had

dominated the short life of the All-America conference, and when that organization was swallowed by the National league in 1950, they were looked upon as natural rivals for the Bears. Actually, Cleveland was reaching a peak of development at the same time that the Bears were in decline. Nevertheless, beating the Browns became a project with Halas, one which he completed this season after four years of frustration.

Halas' customary knack for exporting, rather than importing, frustration, rests on a variety of talents and traits.

One is his unmatched ability to judge football talent objectively, without regard to reputation. Time after time he has recruited professional stars from small colleges while other teams were trying highly-publicized All-Americans, finding many of them wanting.

At Hardin Simmons university in Texas he found Clyde (Bulldog) Turner, who is generally regarded as the best center in pro history, and Ed Sprinkle, the peerless defensive end who now ranks as the dean of Bear players. Harlon Hill, an outstanding pass receiver who last year made the all-league team in his first season, was educated at Florence Teachers college in Alabama.

Another Halas forte is the ability to surround himself with effective associates. There has been minimal

turnover on his large staff of assistant coaches. Each of its members is carefully chosen for a particular contribution he can make to the team's success, and the varied talents are integrated smoothly under the aegis of the man the newspapers call "Papa Bear."

**IF THERE IS ONE** key factor in the Bears' success, however, it is probably Halas' respect for a maxim laid down by his old Illinois coach, Bob Zuppke: "Football is a brutal game, but brutes can't play it."

Without forsaking brawn, Halas, more than anyone else, has brought the brain to football. There are hundreds of plays in the Bears' repertoire, and each one is taught thoroly and constantly refined on the basis of experience. The players have notebooks in which they record their assignments on the various maneuvers. Written examinations are held periodically to test their mastery of the contents. After a game each player files a written report on what it taught him — mistakes made by the Bears, changes in enemy strategy and similar observations.

A place called the Burgundy room, after the color of its carpeting, is the center of all Bear cerebration. It is located in the building at 233 west Madison which houses the Bears' offices and Halas' sporting goods and jewelry store, one of the non-athletic businesses in which he has a hand.

The Burgundy room is a large, square sound-proof enclosure. Except for the space occupied by a movie screen and a blackboard, its walls are covered with slots containing movie tins, play charts, statistical records, scouting reports and similar documents. Here Halas and his assistants work from early morning to advanced night, analyzing past games with the team's next opponent, working out new formations and plays, pondering line-up changes, devising new defensive measures to counter opposition threats.

This maze of detail, coupled with Halas' many other administrative duties, induces a dynamic presence that has endowed him with the title of "the original man in motion."

It is conceded that the dervish will not suddenly stop whirling at the end of this season. He is giving up the coaching job, not relinquishing his influence on the future of football as owner of the Bears.

When Halas does leave the game for good, it will presumably be remarked that football will not be the same without him. One thing is certain; it has never stayed the same with him.



Halas at work during the Bears' championship era. Quarterback Luckman is at his right. Expressions indicate a favorable trend on field. Adversity will find Halas stalking sidelines, scowling fiercely or shouting imprecations at referee.

All photos by United Press except p. 42, Chicago Bears.



# the mostes' for the hostess

by Don J. Anderson

If you're entertaining at home, and want the contemporary accent to grace your table, consider these Danish pewter salad servers, top, left, with palisander wood handles and pewter salt and pepper shakers by Raymor in the Merchandise Mart. Directly below, a combination of three different types of china suggested by Wedgewood gives a fresh note to one of the handsomest traditional designs. Shown is the Wedgewood plain Traditional plate: "Queens Ware"; a Black Basa plate and a covered preserve dish. To the right is a charming porcelain dessert service by Karlskrona from Swedish Products in the Merchandise Mart. The lined pattern is alternate yellow and gray on white. The lazy susan table, bottom, was designed by George Johnson for S. J. Campbell Co. The white micarta center is surrounded by a walnut rim. The table is a beige finish elm with either brass or pewter plated ferrules.

Top, opposite page: Porcelain glazes are applied by Edith Heath to produce a new Buffet Service that combines elegance with dining informality. Kingsized plates: 11½" in diameter provide ample room for entree, salad, vegetable and roll. Handsome mugs for coffee or beer. Oven proof chop plates, bowls and casseroles are of jumbo proportions. The two new





glass in soft gold and autumn brown are wonderful adjuncts to your white china for fall settings. Place mats and napkins are by "Contempra" in hen and chicken-wire patterns. Centerpiece is "Playforms" sculptured of wood by Vitali of Switzerland.

Stainless steel flatware which has won many awards including the "Good Design" award from the Museum of Modern Art in New York was designed by Sam Bordelon, and can be seen in the new Bordelon shop on east Walton place.

Certain to take a place among the classics of contemporary design is "Pind" shown at right. Designed by the noted Jens Quistgaard of Denmark, it's made of stainless steel and Siamese teakwood. Bottom right is a folding serving wagon, large enough to serve a mammoth buffet. Festivities over, all folds flat to store. Woods are walnut, birch and black. Below, dessert dishes by Fostoria Glass Co. with a textured design.





# TOPS IN FOOTBALL ON WGN

**SATURDAYS**

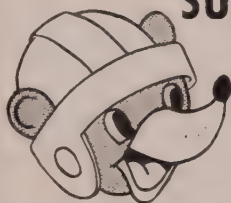
**UNIVERSITY  
OF  
ILLINOIS  
FOOTBALL  
GAMES**

Nov. 5 — MICHIGAN  
Nov. 12 — WISCONSIN  
Nov. 19 — NORTHWESTERN



**SUNDAYS**

**CHICAGO  
BEARS**



**EXCLUSIVE!!**

Nov. 6 — GREEN BAY PACKERS  
Nov. 13 — LOS ANGELES RAMS  
Nov. 20 — DETROIT LIONS  
Nov. 27 — CHICAGO CARDINALS  
Dec. 4 — DETROIT LIONS  
Dec. 11 — PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

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IN MUSIC, NEWS  
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# WGN

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**ON YOUR RADIO**

## *Good music is more than a merchandising proposition*

*In the October issue of CHICAGO appeared an article, "Good Music: It's a Merchandising Proposition," by Bernard Asbell. The author of the following comments is president of the Mid-West Music Foundation.*

**by Mary Wickerham**

Most Chicago musicians and teachers have very little knowledge of the problems that confront them in their profession. Unable to understand the ramifications that surround the marketing of their talent, and unable to cope with the intrigue of management, they are baffled and frustrated and many, often after costly education, must abandon all hope of a concert career.

All the while Chicago spends hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to hear "big names"—usually the same names, whose cumulative publicity has built a box office value. No one would willingly exclude them, nor deprive the public of hearing them, but we must also fight for our own existence, for the right of new people to be heard, and especially for the imperative need of Chicago as a world city to fight for its own musical culture, its own schools and teachers, and the right of talent which is born here or brought here for education to have an equal opportunity for growth and performance. While falling on our faces over visiting foreign musicians, let us not forget that no culture can be grafted on; it must be developed from the roots, and that is essentially the purpose of Mid-West Music Foundation.

Our own young people represent our best hope of the future and the bedrock of American music culture. We want them to have, in a country as rich as ours, the opportunity for the best realization of their talents and not go down in unfair competition of conning management whose sole purpose is personal gain.

Mr. Zelzer's efforts to belittle Mid-West Music Foundation and bedazzle the gullible with his prowess as an impresario have their answer in psy-



*W. P. Ea*

chology. The experienced and thinning person knows that almost all the talent which Mr. Zelzer purveys has had the subsidy of a non-profit organization at its origin and development or in the case of orchestras and opera a continuing subsidy. Furthermore, admits it is the cooperation of the scores of non-profit organizations that sells his tickets for him, does his work and creates his audiences. In show where would Mr. Zelzer be without this help? And where would the attractions be without the foundation the foreign government subsidies (supported in part in recent years by own loans), and the local non-profit groups whose efforts to build a better life give them the zeal to work nothing?

Having watched our national and international music scene for a number of years, seeing our great growth in population (much of which I never heard a live performance of classical music), and seeing the great wealth of talent in our country which year after year comes up—and goes down—I am convinced that the musical development of America can only be the work of non-profit organizations, and to that work Mid-West Music Foundation is dedicated.



a  
report  
on  
the  
Till case:

## ALL THE WITNESSES FLED

by Robert Elliott



where Negroes are not allowed to be men,  
white men cease to be human

On August 1 a 14-year-old Negro boy left Chicago and went South to the land of his fathers and never returned. The trial of two white half-brothers for his murder was called the trial of "a way of life."

A jury acquitted the men. The "way of life" called for that. But the "way" itself is still on trial. The death of Emmett Till and the un concluded chain of events growing out of it are the pieces of evidence in that bigger trial.

Chicago figures in the history of Emmett Till as more than the city in which he grew up and from which he went to a sudden death. Possibly more important is the life he lived and might have lived here.

The city stands also as a place of refuge for other victims of the way

This jury of nine farmers, two salesmen and a mechanic weighed the case against their peers, Roy Bryant and J. W. Milam, and acquitted them.







After Sheriff Strider said that Negroes had threatened to "get" the defendants, National Guardsmen were posted outside the courthouse. Here two of them rest on a Confederate monument.



of life which claimed Emmett Till. What it offers them must also stand as evidence in the big trial.

If Emmett Louis Till had lived a normal life span it is unlikely that he would ever have been known to more than a few hundred people with whom he came into personal contact.

Because he died at 14 under circumstances which will probably never be fully explained, he has achieved an almost mythical importance to millions of Americans.

Already hundreds of poems have been written about "Bo" Till, including one by Langston Hughes, probably the most widely read Negro poet of our time. Some of the poems have been set to music and Bo Till may soon join the ranks of John Henry and Joe Hill as a "folk martyr."

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has claimed Till as a martyr in the fight against school segregation in Mississippi and the South. Roy Wilkins, successor to the late Walter White as NAACP executive secretary, did not hesitate to call the boy's death a lynching.

Governor Hugh White of Mississippi denounced the NAACP denunciation. The Till case was a case of "plain murder," he said. He added that justice would be done in this case as it would in any other.

Elsewhere, in and out of the United States, it was proclaimed daily that the trial of Roy Bryant and J. W. Milam for the murder of Emmett Till was to be the trial of "a way of life."

No one, however, mentioned that it is impossible to try "a way of life" in the same manner and in the same courtroom in which a case of "plain murder" is disposed.

**BEFORE HE LEFT** Chicago and became swallowed up in myth, Bo Till was a real boy.

His father, Louis Till, died in Europe in 1945, serving with the Army during World War II. All Bobo had of him was a ring which was returned among his personal effects. The boy wore it constantly, even to his death.

The ring was prominent in the

identification of Emmett's body. It is now all that remains of the boy and his father.

Till lived with his mother, Mrs. Mamie E. Bradley (she had remarried and been divorced at the time of the boy's death) on the second floor of a two-flat building on St. Lawrence avenue.

At six he suffered an attack of polio. It left him with a slight lisp and a hesitancy of speech.

He attended school at McCosh and played baseball with a neighborhood team and chewed bubble gum. Almost every weekend he visited relatives in Argo and attended Sunday school at the Church of God in Christ there.

His best buddies were Sammy Lynch, Bobby Williams, and Wheeler Parker, his cousin. Parker accompanied Till on his trip to Mississippi.

They left Chicago in mid-August to visit Mose Wright, Parker's grandfather and Till's granduncle, a tenant farmer on a plantation near Money, Mississippi.

While he was there, Bo saw raw cotton for the first time in his life. He helped Wright and his sons harvest part of their small crop.

Mrs. Alma Spearman, Bo's grandmother, said he picked 200 pounds in one week and Wright paid him four dollars.

"They told me Bobo was real proud of himself."

On August 24, Till, Parker, three of Wright's sons and a few other teenage boys and a girl drove into Money. They stopped at a small general store operated by Roy and Carolyn Bryant.

Parker said later that Till went into the store to buy some bubble gum. He came out a few minutes later, followed by Mrs. Bryant. Bo turned around and whistled at her.

The woman went to her car "to get her gun" someone said. The Negro youths jumped into their car and fled.

Back at the Wright farm, the boys said nothing about the trip to Money, whether because they were not supposed to have been there or because they didn't think it important will

probably never be known.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, Bo's grandmother and the wife of Mose Wright, says she began hearing talk about the next day and someone told her to "keep the boys out of Money."

It was a strange beginning for an thing as big as the Till case proved to be. Whistling at attractive females something countless boys of all ages have done; Bo Till is probably the first to die for it.

On the morning of Sunday, August 28, Mose and Elizabeth Wright were awakened by some white people outside their home. The Wrights said there were three men and a fourth person, believed to have been a woman, remained in a car.

Two of the men identified themselves as J. W. Milam and Roy Bryant, Wright said. They told him they wanted "the boy from Chicago."

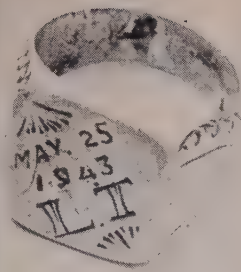
Till was taken from bed. Parker said he heard one of the men question Till and threaten to "blow your head off" when Till failed to address him as "sir."

Bo was taken outside to the car. According to Parker, he heard a woman's voice say "That's the one." The white people left, taking Till with them. Only one person claims to have seen him alive after that.

Sheriff C. W. Smith of LeFlore county arrested Milam and Bryant shortly after Mose Wright reported the incident at his home. They were jailed without bond in Greenwood and Smith announced to the press that Bryant and Milam admitted taking the boy but insisted they released him unharmed when Mrs. Bryant failed to identify him as the person who had whistled at her.

They said they did not take him back to the farm because they thought he knew the way.

Three days later, the trot line of a young fisherman hooked into the body in the Tallahatchie river. It was badly bloated and weighted down with a cotton gin fan. Although no autopsy was ever performed, it was established that the dead person was badly beaten and shot through the head.



Left to right: Motorists approaching Sumner are given this introduction by a sign on the roadside; Emmett Louis Till, the 14-year old Northern boy whose life was crushed between conflicting social attitudes; deputy sheriff examines a heavy gin fan which was wired to the body before it was dropped to the bottom of a creek; young Till owned one memento of his father killed in World War II, a ring found on the body at the creek bottom.

Wright identified the body as that of Emmett Till. Supporting the identification was a ring carrying the initials E. T. It was the one handed down to the boy from his father.

The body was shipped to Chicago where the boy's mother, Mrs. Mamie Bradley, confirmed the identification.

In the next few weeks Americans were to be treated to a rare spectacle—the trial of two white men for the murder of a Negro boy in Mississippi.

Every detail of court procedure and life in Leflore and Tallahatchie counties was dutifully reported in the press and on radio and television.

But in spite of all the talk about "the way of life" which went on trial in Sumner, Mississippi, little that was printed or shown really explained it. That isn't surprising. A way of life is a highly individual thing. Only the man who lives it can describe it, and no one can describe it inadequately at best.

MISSISSIPPI's way of life really consists of two major ways—the white man's and the Negro's. Generally speaking, the Negro's way is to kneel to the white man's whim, not because he wants to, or believes he should, but because the total way is based on his "inferiority."

There is no neutrality on this point. A person can either accept it or fight it. Most people accept it because they believe it or find it the easiest way. A brave few spend their lives fighting it. Some who have lived with it all their lives, turn on it for one brave moment and then flee.

Whether or not they escape is debatable. The problem is in many forms and in some way it is with every man who lives today. It may be the problem of a man's right to vote, or his right to a job, to a decent home, or simply to be called a man.

Part of the sensational interest in his death lies in the fact that Bo Till was a boy. Had he been born and raised in Mississippi he would have remained a boy all his life. No Negro in Mississippi becomes a man. He may be addressed as "Preacher" or "Uncle"

or "Professor" or "Boy," but never as "Mister."

Ironically, Bo Till in death suddenly became a man. At her husband's trial, Mrs. Bryant testified that a Negro man wrestled with her and whistled at her that August evening in the store in Money. (This was the first assertion that there had been any physical contact involved in the incident at the Bryant store).

But the murder of a man could never have stirred the interest aroused by the death of Emmett Till. The headlines screamed that a boy had been murdered in Mississippi.

The NAACP accused the state of stooping to "the murder of children" in its battle to maintain segregation.

Emmett Till was not the first such sacrifice, nor was he the first 14-year-old boy to die on Mississippi's altar. Two 14-year-olds were lynched and hung from a bridge near Shabuta in 1944. No one was ever punished for that crime.

Mrs. Bradley said that before Emmett left Chicago, she told him how to act in Mississippi—step off the sidewalk to let a white person pass, always say "sir" or "ma'am" and "get on your knees and apologize if you offend" a white person.

The press reported that something more than half of the population of Tallahatchie county, where the body was found and the trial was to be held, and Leflore county, from which the boy was taken, are Negroes. But none of them are registered voters.

This was coupled with the information that under Mississippi law only male registered voters could serve on juries.

Outside of the Negro press the fact was generally neglected that in the five months prior to Emmett Till's disappearance, two Negro men, one of them a minister, had been assassinated in Mississippi. Both had been active in urging Negroes to register and vote.

One of the deaths was called an accident in spite of the fact that several bullet holes were found in the victim's body. The other, like Till's,

*design by Joe Phelan*

Mrs. Roy Bryant, left, is the woman whose attractiveness prompted young Till to whistle. With her is Mrs. J. W. Milam, wife of Bryant's co-defendant.





# 2 CLEARED IN WOLF-WHISTLE MURDER TRIAL

TWO white men were acquitted last night of murdering a fourteen-year-old Negro boy said to have "wolf whistled" the wife of one of them.

London

## Le procès de Sumner marque peut-être le début d'un réveil des consciences

(De notre correspondant particulier.)

Washington, 26 septembre. — La vie normale a repris à Sumner (Mississippi). Tandis que les accusés étaient transférés dans la prison de Greenwood, dans le comté voisin de Leflore, où ils seront jugés pour kidnapage, le vieux nègre Moses Wright est retourné à la cabane où dans la nuit du 28 août son neveu Emmet Till fut torturé de son lit par les champions de la « suprématie blanche » désireux de donner une leçon et de remettre à sa place, c'est-à-dire au fond de la rivière Tallahatchie, celui qui venait d'attenter par un sifflement adouci à l'honneur de la femme blanche. Un autre verdict était impensable dans le Mississippi. Comme le déclarèrent les avocats de la défense, s'adressant aux jurés : « Vos ancêtres se retourneraient dans leurs tombes si les accusés étaient condamnés pour avoir tué un nègre. » Dans ce climat « faukshien » tout reposait en définitive sur la parole de quatre nègres contre celle de deux blancs. Il s'agit d'un miracle pour que les blancs fussent condamnés par un verdict qui aurait eu une importance peut-être plus considérable que la décision de la Cour suprême sur l'intégration scolaire. Il est vrai que l'accusation était techniquement faible. L'acte de

ros du procès restera Moses Wright, vieux nègre qui passa toute sa vie à se courber devant le blanc, et qui pendant quelques heures releva la tête. Redressant sa petite taille, il fixa les deux brutes blanches les yeux dans les yeux, puis pointa un vieux doigt usé par des années de travail dans les champs de coton sur les deux hommes qui pendant quelques jours l'avaient menacé de mort. Sans lui, le procès n'aurait jamais eu lieu. Avant-hier, après qu'il eut percé ses droits de témoin, on le vit marcher lentement dans ses galoches, traverser seul la grande place, passer le pont et quitter peut-être pour toujours Sumner, après avoir pour quelque jour ébranlé l'ordre social. Dans l'histoire de la lutte pour l'égalité et la justice, on parlera de Moses Wright : l'Uncle Moses. Même dans le Mississippi, les choses ne peuvent pas rester là où elles étaient il y a cinquante ans. Le doigt accusateur d'Uncle Moses en est la preuve.

Kekedjaman diskriminasi di Amerika. Anak Negro dibunuh karena diduga menjilat wanita kulit putih. Chicago, 8/9 (Ant). Ribuan rakyat Negro berkumpul dalam gereja hari Sabtu untuk melihat wadjah seorang anak laki-laki berusia 14 tahun yang telah babak belur yang telah terbunuh di Mississippi karena ia diduduh telah bersial terhadap seorang wanita kulit putih. Gereja itu penuh sesak, dan diluarpun masih berdiri ribuan lagi untuk dapat menyaksikan berduka tjlta mereka terhadap Emmet Louis. Pendeta Cornelius Adams dalam upacara pemakaman anak tadi mengatakan kita tidak dapat membiarkan rakyat kita abumuh hanya karena kesalahan anak.



Mrs. Mamie Bradley collapses as the body of her son, Emmett Till, arrives by train in Chicago. After the trial, the jury foreman told reporters of Mrs. Bradley's testimony, "If she tried a little harder she might have squeezed out a tear."



About 50,000 persons viewed the disfigured body of the boy in a South Side church. Mrs. Bradley ordered the coffin left open "so the world can see what they've done to my boy."



After the verdict, Bryants and Milams rejoice.

was called plain murder.

The day after Till's body was found the Department of Justice announced it would investigate to see if the civil rights of Negroes are being violated at the polls in Mississippi.

In the daily press it was reported that there was only mild interest in the area in the matter of Negro voting and integration of schools. Several white citizens of Greenwood, Money and Sumner were quoted as saying "our Negroes are happy" with things as they are.

The publicity given the Till murder and the trial was generally deplored not only in Mississippi, but throughout the South.

In some quarters the attention of the Northern daily papers, the Negro press and the NAACP was labeled outside interference and "agitation." The nebulous "way of life" was under attack and must be defended with "prompt justice."

In a war between ways of life, Till, Roy Bryant and J. W. Milam became almost necessarily pawns in a large scale game of chess.

Shortly after the body from the river had been shipped to Chicago, Sheriff H. C. Strider, who later testified for the defense, said he doubted that the body was that of Emmett Till.

It was too far decomposed to have been in the water only three days, he said. Also it looked more like the body of a man than a boy, and further, he wasn't sure whether it was the body of a white or a black man.

IN CHICAGO, Mrs. Bradley declared the body was that of her son and ordered it placed on public view so that the whole world could "see what they've done to my boy."

Thousands of Chicagoans, Negro and white, went to see and many of them fainted at the sight. The funeral services were interrupted for two days so that all who cared to might view

# Amerikada öldürülen çocuğu

nk iki beyaz, katil' dediller  
öldürdüklerinden beraat etti

mmr (Mississippi) 24 (s.a.)—  
şimdi ki zenci Emmet Till'i ö-  
ldürdükten suçlu iki beyazın mu-  
demi beraat ile neticelennir  
çocuğ bu bunlardan birinin  
nın arkasından hayranlık  
gelmisti.

tnin, hepsi beyaz olan 12 ü-  
mühakemenen evvel hiç bir  
mühakemesini tesiri altında  
yazıklarına dair yemin et-

ğük Till'in öldürülmesi, Ame-  
la umum bir infial uyandı-  
Amerikan basını, böyle bir  
yık pek nadir olarak bu ka-  
la ile takib etmiştir.

Istanbul

le bloated, martyred body.

Thruout the country, mass meetings  
and protest rallies were held, demand-  
ing justice for the lynchers of Emmett  
Till. The Communists made a feeble  
attempt to enter the picture by dis-  
tributing leaflets at the funeral. Mrs.  
Bradley rejected their aid.

DONATIONS POURED IN to her and to  
the NAACP to help prosecute Bryant  
and Milam and to continue the fight  
against Jim Crow.

In Sumner, a grand jury returned  
murder and kidnapping indictments  
against Bryant and Milam. They  
pleaded innocent at their arraignment,  
refusing ever taking the boy from  
Mose Wright's home.

From the beginning the case against  
Milam and Bryant was wholly circum-  
stantial. Only Mose Wright could  
identify the men who came to his  
house that Sunday morning. Mrs.  
Wright, who had fled to Chicago after  
her body was found, said she could  
identify them also, but she did not  
return to Mississippi.

Mrs. Bradley attended the trial to  
establish the identity of the boy.

Strider's denial of the identity made  
the state's case difficult. In addition,  
there was no proof that the murder,  
if it were Till's murder, had taken  
place in Tallahatchie county, and  
Strider apparently was not interested  
in trying to establish that it had.

As the trial opened, rumors began  
circulating that several people had  
seen Emmett Till after he was taken  
from the Wright farm. Two groups  
of investigators set out to find them.  
One of these groups was the prosecu-  
tion team; the other was composed  
of members of the Alabama and Mis-  
sissippi NAACP chapters and almost  
the entire Negro press corps covering  
the trial.

THE BACKGROUND was Dr. T. R.  
M. Howard of the all-Negro town of  
Mound Bayou, Mississippi. Dr. How-

# Le Nouvelliste PORT-AU-PRINCE

LE PROCES MILAN - ROY BRIANT

L'air Télétype au «Nouveliste»

SUMNER (MISSISSIPPI) 22 AFP

Aujourd'hui s'est déroulée la  
quatrième audience du procès du  
Milan et Roy Briant, accusés d'a-  
voir tué le jeune noir Emmett Till  
âgé de 14 ans, parce qu'il avait sif-  
flé d'admiration au passage de  
Mme Caroline Bryant.

Le cadavre de Till avait été re-  
pêché, le visage tuméfié et pres-  
que méconnaissable, de la rivière  
Tallahatchie à la fin d'août der-  
nier.

Tout le procès repose sur l'i-  
dentification du cadavre, la défen-

«Je les lui ai donnés, ajoute-t-  
elle, et comme je lui rendais la  
monnaie il m'a pris la main et  
m'a dit: «salut, tu sors avec moi  
ce soir, Baby?»

La jeune femme poursuit son  
récit sans interruption: «Je me  
suis dégaîée mais le negro m'a  
suivie et m'a rattrapée près de la  
caisse. Me saisissant par la tail-  
le, il m'a dit: Qu'est-ce qu'il y a  
qui ne va pas, baby? j'étais  
pas?... t'as pas besoin d'avoir  
peur de moi, j'ai connu bien de  
femmes blanches avant toi».

Haiti

ard, president of the Regional Council  
of Negro Leadership, is an outspoken  
campaigner for integration and Negro  
voting rights. He has been called the  
Negro most hated by whites in  
Mississippi.

Two of the hidden witnesses were  
identified as Willie Reed, an 18-year-  
old youth who lived on the Clint Sher-  
idan plantation in Sunflower county,  
and Mrs. Amanda Bradley, who lived  
on the farm of Leslie Milam, also in  
Sunflower county.

Leslie Milam is the brother of J.  
W. Milam and the half-brother of  
Roy Bryant.

First efforts to encourage the wit-  
nesses were fruitless. They maintained  
they knew nothing and would not  
appear at the trial under any circum-  
stances.

"I was afraid," Amanda Bradley  
said later in Chicago. "They might've  
done me like that little boy."

Leader of the NAACP search party  
was Mrs. Ruby Hurley, of Birming-  
ham, the organization's regional sec-  
retary. With the other members of  
the party, she donned cotton-picking  
clothes and went into the fields to  
contact the witnesses.

SHE ASSURED them protection and  
escape from Mississippi following the  
trial. Finally Mrs. Bradley and Reed  
were brought to Dr. Howard.

"He convinced me that I would be  
doing something for our whole peo-  
ple," Amanda Bradley said. "He told  
me that sooner or later you've got to  
stand up to those white people down  
there or they'll always be rubbing our  
folks' face in the dirt."

Amanda Bradley had lived all of  
her 49 years in Mississippi, "but I've  
only been in that Delta 25 years."

For three of those 25 years she and  
her husband, Alonzo, and two broth-  
ers and a sister worked on the farm  
of Leslie Milam.

"During that time we never made  
a penny. Those Milams, there must be

seven or ten of them, they're a mean  
lot. Last year we had a good crop —  
Leslie Milam took every boll, every  
bit of it."

The day before she was interviewed,  
Amanda Bradley had received word  
that her husband had been taken from  
the Milam farm by a group of white  
men and hadn't been seen since.

"I guess if he can he'll come here  
to Chicago, but he doesn't really  
know where I am. I never went home  
after the trial. I hid out in the fields  
and at my mother's. Some white men  
came there looking for me, but they  
didn't find me. Then I went to Dr.  
Howard in Mound Bayou. They put  
me on the train in Memphis."

Like Willie Reed, Mrs. Bradley has  
a 24-hour police guard in Chicago.  
She may have to return to Missis-  
sippi for the second trial of Bryant  
and Milam on a kidnapping charge  
in Greenwood. But she isn't looking  
forward to it.

Her testimony at the first trial es-  
tablished the presence of J. W. Milam  
on his brother's farm the morning  
Till was kidnapped.

REED SAID he saw Milam, three  
white men and three Negroes in a  
truck entering the Leslie Milam prop-  
erty. He identified one of the Negroes  
as Emmett Till.

Later he said he passed the Milam  
barn and saw the truck outside. From  
the barn he heard the sounds of a  
beating and a human voice crying in  
pain.

He informed Mrs. Bradley and her  
family. They also heard the sounds,  
Mrs. Bradley said in Chicago.

"But I tried not to because I knew  
it would get me in trouble."

While the group watched, they saw  
J. W. Milam leave the barn with a  
gun at his side, go to the well and  
return to the barn.

Another person who heard the  
sounds, according to Amanda Brad-  
ley, is a Walter Billups, who refused

# NATION

## Segregation At Negro Boy's Murder Trial

SUMNER (Mississippi), September  
20—The first day of the trial of  
two white Americans accused of  
killing a 14-year-old Negro, who  
whistled in admiration at the wife  
of one of them, opened here to-  
day with White and Negro jour-  
nalists sitting at different tables.

The accused men, J. W. Milam  
and Roy Bryant, heard the Dis-  
trict Attorney (Prosecutor) state  
that he did not intend to ask for  
the death penalty even if the

Burma



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF CHICAGO, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1, 1955

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Maurice English, Evanston, Ill.; Editor, Maurice English, Evanston, Ill.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, none.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given) Contemporary Publications, Inc., Chicago, Ill.; FREDERICK ASHER, Chicago, Ill.; MAURICE ENGLISH, Evanston, Ill.; HERBERT GREENWALD, Chicago, Ill.; LAWRENCE HOWE, JR., Winnetka, Ill.; ALLIN K. INGALLS, River Forest, Ill.; LOUIS LEVERONE, Lake Forest, Ill.; ROBERT H. McCORMICK, JR., Elmhurst, Ill.; JOSEPH MATTER, Chicago, Ill.; CHARLES A. MEYER, Lake Forest, Ill.; GEORGE W. OVERTON, Chicago, Ill.; CALVIN W. STILLMAN, Chicago, Ill.; MASON WARNER, SR, Chicago, Ill.

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: Not required.

(Signed) MAURICE ENGLISH

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1955.

John A. Erickson

(Seal) (My commission expires July 13, 1957)

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to give any testimony.

She called Billups "a snitcher" who works for Leslie Milam. "He was closer to the barn than we were and he had to hear," she said.

Also believed to have been in or near the barn that morning are two Negroes identified as Levy "Too Tight" Collins and Henry Loggins, Milam farmhands.

On her return to Chicago following the acquittal of Bryant and Milam, Mrs. Mamie Bradley charged the two men had been hidden by Sheriff Strider in the Negro jail at Charleston to keep them from testifying to washing blood from Milam's truck, and possibly to having seen Bo Till in the barn.

Mose Wright, following his arrival in Chicago, said he recalls talk that Collins was seen in Sumner after Emmett disappeared.

He says Collins talked about burning a pair of black loafer shoes "like I know the boy was wearing."

CONTRARY to first reports on him, Wright, 64-year-old minister of the Church of God in Christ, is bitter about Mississippi and the circumstances which prompted his flight.

"I never thought a white man would kill a little boy over something like that," he said, "but now I'm thru with Mississippi.

"I'll go back for that new trial if they ever have one, but after that I'm thru."

Wright said Sheriff Smith, the man who originally arrested Bryant and Milam, promised him that in Lefflore county they would be punished.

A lot of white people down there are angry about what happened, Wright said.

"He urged me to stay, but how could I with them loose on bond?"

Wright had said earlier that one of the men who took the boy from his house had asked his age and then told him he would not live to 65 if he identified them.

"Believe me there's a whole lot of colored folks down there thinking about coming up here. There's going to be more trouble. A whole lot."

His wife sat by him and nodded. "Those white folks won't ever give up easy and let us live right. I thought maybe they had changed because nothing like this has happened in ten or twelve years, but they ain't changed."

What these refugees expect to find in Chicago is difficult to stay, but Willie Reed tried:

"Well at least up here you don't always have to be saying 'sir' and 'ma'am' to white folks just because they're white."

Reed will find a chance to go to school beyond his present ninth grade education, and he expects to work.

Mose and Elizabeth Wright will find a home here with some of their ten children.

Amanda Bradley expects to live with her granddaughter here and work and wait for her husband, if he ever comes.

All of them have heard about Chicago's own peculiar racial problems. Mose Wright was interested in Trumbull Park.

"But at least there's white folks that know it's wrong," he said. "You can fight it."

He, Willie Reed and Amanda Bradley are certain they have escaped from Mississippi for good. Most Chicagoans, white and Negro, also feel at a safe distance from the Dark Delta.

But Chicago, possibly most of American cities outside the South, is deeply affected by the aftermath of the Till case. And not just because Emmett Till was from Chicago.

Historically, Chicago was the city the runaway slaves found at the end of the "drinkin' gourd." It was a major focal point of the great Negro migrations during the two World Wars and the Twenties. It was during the latter that Till's grandmother, Mrs. Spearman, came to Chicago.

In the war against segregation, Chicago will continue to be a place of refuge and Mississippi's and the South problem will be and is very much Chicago's problem.

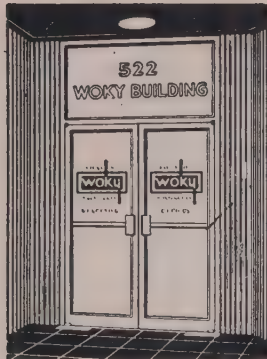
More than the problem of locale it is an American problem. Perhaps William Faulkner has stated it as well as it can be stated. Writing from Rome just before the opening of the trial in Sumner, Faulkner said:

"... If we Americans are to survive it will have to be because we choose and elect and defend to be first all Americans to present to the world one homogeneous and unbroken front whether of white Americans or black ones or purple or blue or green.

"Perhaps we will find out now whether we are to survive or not. Perhaps the purpose of this sorry and tragic error committed in my native Mississippi by two white adults an afflicted Negro child is to prove to us whether or not we deserve to survive.

"Because if we in America have reached that point in our desperate culture when we must murder children, no matter for what reason what color, we don't deserve to survive, and probably won't."

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# HOLIDAY



An early Christmas shopping tour down  
an imaginary avenue of real stores.

by Jeanne Phillips

There's no need for the frantic "X" in Christmas before December 1. November holiday shopping is relaxed. Before the streets get slush and the newspapers start frontpageing those its-later-than-you-think calendars — "only three and a half days left" — it's fun to pick a shop and spend an afternoon.

THE BORDELONS are people with a point of view. They buy and sell on the things they like — but they don't like things capriciously: "we select products that express an honest use of materials and technology."

One of their stores is already pretty much of a tradition in the Hyde Park neighborhood. The new Bordelon North will ultimately be a part of the not yet completed Walton Gardens shopping center. Meanwhile they've opened temporary quarters across the street and down the way from Walton place.

As luxurious as a weekday morning

# STREET



matinee are their woolens from Sweden. Wives of fishermen form a guild and spend slow winters along the coasts spinning yarns, perfecting dyes and knitting these sweaters and gloves. The colors are unconcernedly subtle and textures vary, from a coarse burry quality for men's pullovers to angora-soft for ladies. Gloves are from \$12, sweaters from \$40.

Bordelons' offers a decorating service (it's called interior design these days) so there are not only browsers but also people with problems in the store. "What can I do with a pair of ten foot windows that open on the shore?" After saluting the fishwives' silent nearly everyone stops to look at the Scandinavian pewter. One item is the foot-tall Danish coffee server with palisander handle at \$49.50 accompanied by creamer at \$9.50 and sugar bowl at \$13.75. An aloof salt and pepper set in pewter from Denmark is \$9.95.

Japan is represented by children's

Happi coats in silk and optimistic colors at \$2.95. There are some terra cotta ash trays for \$1.25 that are crooked on the top as well as the bottom to render them wind proof.

**EXERCISING CARE** and imagination, Carson's has come up with five small, general Christmas presents that won't quit. First, a brandy snifter has been given a paste-on, pumpkin-like Santa face, a bow tie, a traditional red Santa hat, then filled with three pair of nylon stretch socks, brown, navy and gray. The socks will fit any gentleman big enough to appreciate the snifter. The gift is in the men's store, first floor, \$4.95. Same vein, different gender, is a champagne glass. This one, holding three pairs of 60 gauge nylons, is covered with some kind of sparkle net. It's \$4.95 in women's hosiery department, first floor. Two gilt holiday bells have mirrored bottoms and a white French kid glove in each. Two gloves in two

bells, tied together at the top, of course, are \$5.50 on the first floor, not only holidayish, but a bargain. Somebody clever has made a big Christmas wreath out of bright cellophane-wrapped candies. There's a bow at the top and a ribbon tape holds a pair of scissors. Christmas callers knock first, then snip off a handful of goodies. The wreaths are in the second floor Epicure shop and are \$4.95. In the "Trim the Tree" shop on the fifth floor there's a foot-high golden tree with delicate ornaments and a silver star. It's \$1.95 and it's good for either large tables or small apartments.

Carson's started planning these gifts early in the year. Shoppers will have to be early to find them.

**SAKS FIFTH AVENUE** is of course as sophisticated as any store in town. Thus, they recently opened a linen and carlin shop where one can buy black satin sheets, two, with pillow



## NORTH OF THE BRIDGE

Crisp fall days are filled with *joie de vivre* . . . thoughts jump ahead to holidays and ambitious winter plans while Indian Summer is still a memory. Woolens feel good and look smart. Stores and their windows are treasure troves of the newest in every line.

At Chez Nous on Oak Street, Crystal Knutson moves busily about, gowning career women and socialites for a gala new season. Bonwit's the famed feminine stronghold is even now readying its exclusive sanctuary where only males may enter to peruse objects for their ladies.

### MAN OF THE HOUR

From dinner clothes to fishing hats, HIS needs are met by a baker's dozen stores within walking distance of skyscraper offices. Lenard Stern, famous for custom designed neckwear and shirts . . . Frank Brothers for incomparable footwear, Saks Fifth Avenue store especially For Men, tie entrepreneur Ernest Carston . . . all excel at rounding up offerings for the man who wants the best. George Mashbitz, custom tailor deluxe, can even provide solid gold cuff links bearing fabric to match a suit!

### THE CUSTOMER IS STILL RIGHT...

Stores around the Magnificent Mile section proudly preserve their favorite tradition . . . an atmosphere of welcome plus respect for the individual's taste and wallet. From Murray Smikler's and the neighboring Wrigley Building Men's Shop up to Steven Brody's popular Walton Place mecca, ranging westward to historical Eric Clothing Company, cheerful service is there. With top merchandise and moderate prices.

The current taste for monogrammed attire is setting new records at Wesley Adams' on Oak Street, which emporium was rated by a professional survey as one of the city's high ranking men's stores. Whether you choose a gay muffler at Mosel's for Greater North Michigan Avenue Association's Christmas lighting ceremonies with Lake Shore Carolers, or pop in the Drake Men's Shop before meeting your lady to see prize-winning paintings in the Water Tower, you'll like the prompt attention. And by the way, little boys have a wonderful time at B. H. Miller's . . .

— Betty Ann Houston

cases for \$41.50. The hand stitched linen sheets and pillow cases, the 200 count Swiss embroidered percales, the tiny linen guest towels with Madeira cut-work make gifts that are easily remembered.

Towel sets, colorfully done with quality as the first concern, start at \$9.95. There are bar towels with irrelevant clocks, lobsters and mandolins at \$13.20 a dozen. And a man's bath towel (blanket might be a better



word, tho it's called a "bath sheet") is \$9.95 with monogram. There are 15 colors to choose from and nearly as many monogram designs.

The linen shop is thickly carpeted and quiet, and the gracious gentleman who has been brought from New York to manage the shop has sold the black satins to Kathleen Windsor.

**THE DOMINO** is a small shop on Harper in the University of Chicago area, whose two young owners are their own clerks, too. Here gifts can often be found which have never seen the inside of the Merchandise Mart, at pleasing prices. They have, for Christmas, two variations on a St. Stephen's creche. (St. Stephen was the shepherd who stayed behind to look after the horses while the other shepherds went to see the Christ child. At Christmastide, the Swedish use the St. Stephen creche "depicting the holy man surrounded by horses and gazing at the star of Bethlehem" as well as the traditional creche). The two creches are hand carved, with flat kindergarten paint on simple two dimensional figures. One in the round, one tableau, they are \$5 and \$5.95.

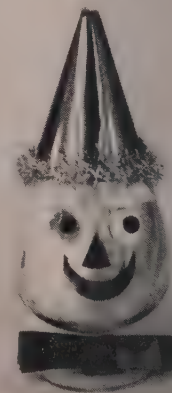
There are good things for the kitchen at the Domino. Shish kebab skewers, for example, each a long 17 inches, from enterprising Japan, four of them on a hang-up holder. The handles are of brass and wood and they're fastened to a white pine rack at \$4.50

a set. There are a whole lot of spoons. Sweden makes them in pine to hook on the rims of kettles. In various sizes, all are less than a dollar. A whimsical spoon from Portugal, for tasting, costs fifty cents. A bowl on the end catches the soup. Tilt it and the soup runs down a valley in the middle, cooling all the while.

From Germany comes another bargain. A good looking rack holds three sizes of spoons, a mallet and a rolling pin. This, too, in wood, and at \$3.95.

**CHRISTMAS TOYS AND FIELD'S** are often spoken of in one breath, and rightly so. Here, for many years, very grown-up people in black shoes and dark suits have been creating, by training and magic, a never-never land for children. This year there are big, realistic Steiff animals from Germany. They stand up on the ledges all around the walls of the toy department. The elephant, some six feet tall, who now sits in the aisle will be stored early this month, only because he demands so much room.

According to Field buyers the Disney trend is strong this season ("Disneyland" and "Mouseketeers" are responsible) and there are many Miceys, Minnies, Dumbos and Plutos. There are Pinocchios, these from an earlier era, in several sizes. They are beautifully hand painted in polished wood from Italy with long and short "before" and "after" interchangeable noses. Prices are from \$4 to \$21.95 depending on the size.



Holgate and Playskool still lead the field in nursery toys. At Field's there a Holgate pull toy calliope with bright peg whistles for \$2. And the Playskool people have devised a "putting the square peg in the square hole" house which sells for \$6. They also have an \$8 take-apart truck held together by big wooden bolts and



rews. Many of the new mechanical toys are based on "remote control." One is a model 1956 Ford Continental that operates on flashlight batteries and sells for \$6.95.

**FIELD'S HAS TWO** new games. Marlin Perkins collaborated on the one called "Zoo Parade." The game takes junior zoologists to four continents where they must use their knowledge of natural habitats and animal tracks to



capture game. The second is called "Going to Jerusalem." There are twelve apostles to follow and cards with New Testament quotes to play on.

One of the most beautiful of the new dolls is the "Ballerina." She stands 10 inches tall in a "Swan Lake" costume. With jointed hips, knees and ankles, she can assume all the basic ballet positions.

The "Sea Witch" is a complex model-ship with 500 parts to glue together. When completed, she stands two and a half feet long with full rigging, sails and a crew on her deck. The kit sells for \$10. These are but a few of the thousands of toys Field's is stocking, so variegated as to run from replicas of London bridge to jingling teddy bears.

**FRANK RYAN'S** is a friendly shop on the Near North Side where, if customers come early enough in the holiday season, they're apt to be invited to sit down for late afternoon coffee with the owners.

Ryan's is introducing a gourmet selection this month. On hand will be a line from Elizabeth Hanna called "L'Amour en Glass" which includes all sorts of soups, cocktail goodies, Rock Cornish game hens and whole squabs stuffed with rice. There are Danish cooked hams from Gala foods prepared in exotic sauces like French champagne, Burgundy wine and Scotch. Many come in fancy packages and can easily solve the problem of buying for business associates.

Mrs. Ryan has a sister in France who has succeeded in sending, after much dickering with provincial officials, some rather remarkable silk screen posters. The only ones of their

kind to be found between here and Marseilles, they sell for \$2.50 each.

Here are blanchard dwarf trees with delicate carved birds as ornaments. And contemporary children's chairs of split bamboo from Hong Kong. They're light enough to be lugged around and are nearly tip-over proof. These are \$4.95. Scattered thruout the store is a series of cocktail party animals—ceramic pigs, cats (mothers with children), dachshunds and others. They have room on their backs to hold canape toothpicks and come in all kinds of colors—you can have, if you like, an orchid pig or a Santa with pink reindeer. Prices on the animals are from \$1 to \$7.95. Frank Ryan's is a relaxed place with lots of corners, and it really isn't fair to spend less than an hour in browsing about them.

**THE LITTLE BRAMSON'S** has a lollipop tree. Walk thru the door and there it is, short, of course, for small arms. The lollipops seem to grow out of it and no matter how many are picked and put in pockets there are always more. Somebody ought to tell all the kids in town about it.

There are beautiful felt skirts here. In brilliant aqua, they're called "clock" skirts because of the beaded detail at the waist. They have velveteen streamers. In sizes 3 to 6-X, 7 to 14, they run from \$14 to \$17.95. There's a velveteen coat, bonnet and fitted leggings for a toddler princess. It comes in ruby and Riviera blue at \$39.95.

A California designer has come up with the "violin case silhouette" for children (nobody knows just why) that looks exactly like it sounds. It's fanciful. Bramson's has a whole line



of these shapes from a diaper set to a TV lounging business for six-year-olds. Also here is a gossamer raspberry petticoat of nylon taffeta with three net overskirts. Sizes 4 thru 14, the

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good wines*

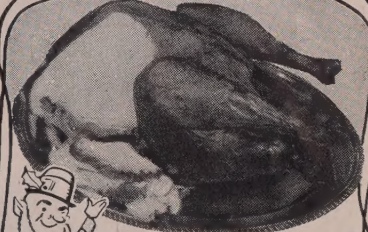


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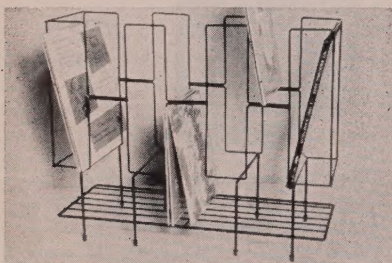
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petticoat is \$7.95. There are pampered poodles with hats and pocket books for \$7.95, and court jester flannel pajamas with ruffles and big polka-dot pockets down the front. These are in grade school sizes at \$4.50.



A pleasant, pretty shop all on a miniature scale, Little Bramson's has, above the center counter, a tall cage filled with live birds, cheerfully noisy.

**MAIN STREET BOOKSTORE** has more than good books, as if this weren't enough. Scattered thruout the store are gifts chosen with care and imported from all over the world. The ceramic Swedish vases by Rostrand are works of art. Exhibited at museums thruout the world, they are now at Main Street for \$15 each.

There are six glasses from Finland, each a different shade. The set is packaged in a handsome cylinder which makes good sense for mailing; \$9. Italy sends two alabaster cigarette boxes, one round, one square, at \$7 and \$5.

Two gifts for children are handsomely boxed collector's sets, one with shell specimens, the other with minerals. The sets are accompanied by texts, carefully but lightly written, and are \$2.95.

*"Trains are for going  
Boats are for rowing  
Seeds are for sowing,  
And sleeping's for bed."*

This is from *Laughing Time*, a new little volume, this time for children, by poet William Jay Smith. Illustrations are all in black and yellow by Juliet Kepes. *The Curious Kitten* is a handsome book of photographs and captions by Peggy Louise Irwin. It's a pre-school book.

Ludwig Bemelmans says of his new *Parsley*:

"Instead of reading about this book turn the pages and take a look. Leon Burgoyne has written a novel for teenagers that revolves around the Fort Dearborn era of the early 1800' and is full of Pottawatomies, trader and boy-type adventure.

(These suggestions won't solve all your Christmas shopping problems but they'll give you a chance to make an early start on some of them, we hope, in a non-routine way. In our



December issue, **CHICAGO** will present a more extensive look at what the stores have to offer, including items of new fashions for men and women. The December issue will appear on the last Thursday of November).



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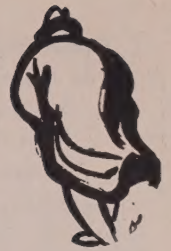
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# The Onion Patch



Even with the political conventions more than half a year away, it is possible to predict the maddest scramble in history for the nominations if President Eisenhower decides not to seek re-election.

The potential free-for-all is largely the fault of the *Sun-Times* which, on September 26, revised the criteria for choosing Presidential candidates. An editorial entitled "Ike and Milton" advocated that the Republicans make the President's brother the appetizer on their 1956 menu.

A number of gelatinous arguments were advanced and they were followed, in the 16th paragraph, by a concrete one: "the magic of the Eisenhower name."

Now that a tried and proven label has been established as the primary consideration in marketing top-level political goods, both parties face the prospect of a wholesale re-evaluation of their merchandise.

The new rules presage automatic elimination of several local leaders from serious consideration, but, fortunately, they simultaneously bring a whole new group to a greatly expanded fore.

Senator Paul Douglas suffers most under the new formula. The only previous presidential candidate with his last name, Stephen, ran fourth with only 12 electoral votes in 1860.

The revised system changes Adlai Stevenson's starring role in next year's amphitheatrical maneuvers to a bit part. The fact that a candidate with both of his names was defeated in 1952 is only partly counterbalanced by another's successful run for the vice-presidency in 1892.

Most prominent among this city's new favorite sons will be Earl Eisenhower, general manager of a suburban newspaper, who, as another brother of the President, possesses the same basic qualifications as Milton.

Among the Adamases, two Bobs are certain to receive strong support. The University of Chicago anthropologist will have dogged egghead backing and the Friendly one from the General Finance Loan corporation enters the lists well-publicized among sports fans.

Sol Polk will carry a good deal of weight with business interests because

of his unexcelled success as an appliance dealer. A son and grandson of past mayors, Carter Harrison is certain to find backers among the professional politicians. Photographer David Jackson will get a boost from the working press, as will Charles Cleveland, the *Daily News* political writer. Another Cleveland, Bob, can hope for one of history's fastest advances thru party ranks. He is Republican committeeman of the 44th ward.

The one big shadow on all of these suddenly bright hopes is cast from the West Coast. California has a favorite daughter who will be hard to beat, and not only because she bears the fifth president's name.

**THIS IS THE SEASON** for picking All-American football teams, so many of them that any player not receiving honorable mention for at least one is sure to lose his campus job—whether it be running the elevator in a quonset hut, cutting the grass on the basketball court or renting step ladders to pantie raiders.

The chief qualification for choosing an All-American team is not having seen most of the players entertain. Bob Arbogast, the former local radio and night club comedian, is thus admirably suited as a venieman, not having attended a game all year.

Arbogast calls his selections a "football digest" and not on the basis that they are all midgets. His favorites, all actually named in the current *Street and Smith Football Yearbook*, are:

Left end, Billy Cranberry, Texas A. and M.; left tackle, William Parsley, Baylor; left guard, Charley Coffey, Tennessee; center, Ray Figg, Central Michigan; right guard, Chuck Fries, Idaho; right tackle, Jim Bean, Franklin and Marshall; right end, Tom Pepsin, Miami; quarterback, Milton Plum, Penn State; left halfback, Jack Rabbits, West Virginia; right halfback, Buddy Bass, Duke; fullback, Gene Roll, Missouri.

Altho other experts may dispute his choices, Arbogast insists that they are all stout fellows, worthy heirs to the All-American line-ups previously prepared by Grantland Rice.

Aware that spirit is at least three-tenths of one per cent of the game,

Arbogast not only chose his team but provided it with a suitable fight song, the lyrics of which are as follows:

"Beat the bugles; blow the drums;  
Hoist your flasks and take a swig.  
All them other schools is crumbs.  
Rah! Rah! Raw, let's skin that pig."

**SENATORS** Estes Kefauver of Tennessee and William Langer of North Dakota, have, with Congressionally rare inspiration, evolved a new technique that promises to change the whole course of American political science.

Properly implemented, their idea will take much of the toil out of future legislative deliberations, possibly even eliminate them completely. Further, it will cut government expenditures by permitting wholesale dismissal of expert advisors.

Kefauver and Langer developed their monumental innovation during hearings of the Senate Juvenile Delinquency subcommittee on the subject of pornographic literature.

After listening to a number of scientists discuss what is and is not obscene matter, the Senators confessed that they were confused. They then decided to place their dilemma in the hands of the Lions club of Bismarck, North Dakota.

Club members and their wives were to be given 1,000 pictures, with instructions to study them for a month and determine whether they were obscene or merely intriguing.

The virtues of this plan go way beyond giving the hardware dealers and chiropodists of Bismarck the authority over national issues which they have long deserved. The new system has almost unlimited potential.

The problem of how to secure racial integration of Southern schools, for instance, can be turned over to the Daughters of the American Revolution, along with various matters relating to immigration. Budgetary decisions may be left to members of the Onwentsia club, who have shown a general ability to meet household expenses and still have cigaret money left each month. College fraternities will be given jurisdiction over liquor legislation, thereby minimizing their envy of members of the Bismarck Lions club.

— A.W.



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## Readers & Writers

### She Just Wants to Get the Interpretations

**Sir:** Your magazine reminds me of nothing so much as a theater playbill. It contains all of the facts; no interpretation. It is a report, pure and simple. I might buy it again some day to see if it has changed.

CHARLOTTE M. COYLE

### Problems, Progress Are Everywhere

**Sir:** I enjoyed "Tomorrow's City Is on the Way" [September] very much and I hope that you will continue to lay before your important readers material on the city's growth and redevelopment. My only critical comment would be that the Fort Dearborn project — as important as it may be — tends to absorb perhaps a more substantial portion of the public's interest than it should, considering the great amount of both remaining problem areas and progress in less glamorous but equally important ones.

I have in mind especially the new proposed zoning ordinance, which will directly affect every citizen of Chicago without exception; the remarkable effectiveness of Ben Willis' approach to improvement of the Chicago school system; the urgent necessity for solution of the problem of planning for metropolitan services and integration; the extent of the problem and the progress of "urban renewal" in areas other than the Near North Side.

While I realize that you cannot cover everything at once, I think it would be well if we could keep each subject in proper perspective.

FREDERICK T. ASCHMAN,  
Executive Director,  
Chicago Plan commission

### Ici On Ne Traduit Pas le Francais

**Sir:** Okay, how about translating the caption on that French cartoon in the October issue ["Playboy: Sex on a Skyrocket"].

HAZEL NELSON

*C'est impossible, cherie. Les redacteurs n'osent pas. Il ne faut pas scandaliser les Americains.*

### All Things to All Men

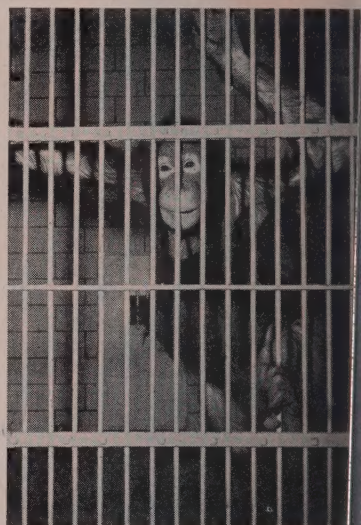
**Sir:** I am an avid reader of your magazine and think it does a lot for culture in these parts. You always have something for everybody — text for those who can read and photos for those who can't.

D. JEFFRIES,  
Walworth, Wisconsin

### It Takes One to Know One

**Sir:** Extended reading of your magazine leads to the inescapable conclusion that it is edited by a group of chimpanzees.

TOBIAS RUDOLPH



Don Bronstein photo

### Battle of Burns Ditch

**Sir:** We read with great interest your article "The Dunes in Danger" by Georg Mann in the September issue. It is unfortunate that men like Gov. George Craig cannot or will not understand that in this day and age a man does not live by bread alone. People need small areas where for a few moments they may seek rest and quiet, where they may explain to the youngsters a few facts about trees and flowers.

Faith without action is dead. The readers who wish to enter the fray a more helpful way can send their contributions to: Save the Dunes Council, box 509, Ogden Dunes, Gr. 5, Indiana.

Midwesterners have a great stake in this unusual park. If the dunes are destroyed, it will be done via a pork barrel voted by a willing Congress. Therefore, whether we live in Indiana or not, it behooves us to make our opinions known.

RAYMOND MOST  
Vice-President  
Illinois Audubon Society

### It Took Guts

**Sir:** What gave you the idea of using my last intestinal x-ray on the October cover?

JOANNA S.